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## Poetry.

### MEMORIAL SONG.

[The following song, as sung by the Hutchinson Family, has become very popular in the East. It should have appeared in time for Decoration Day:]

O! loved ones have fallen and still where they sleep,
A sorrowing nation shall silently weep;
And spring's fairest flowers in gratitude strew
O'er those who have cherished the red, white and blue.

But glory immortal is waiting them now,
And chaplets unfading shall bind every brow,
And spring's fairest flowers in gratitude strew
O'er those who have cherished the red, white and blue.

O! red are the fields where the foeman hath trod,
And white are the faces laid under the sod;
But blue are the skies from whose portals of light
Is beaming the day star to gladden our night.

Wake mountain and hill-top, rock, river and sea,
And break forth in singing our country is free;
No despot shall rule it with tyranny's throng,
The oppressed shall be free, the weak shall be strong,

Then welcome to wounding, to combat and scars,
And the glory of death for the stripes and the stars.

Honor the heroes who fell in the strife,
They dying preserved a great nation's life;
Listen, their voices respond from on high—
'Tis sweet, oh, 'tis sweet for our country to die.

From battle fields gory with victory they come,
Angels stood ready to welcome them home;
And spring's fairest flowers in gratitude strew
O'er those who have cherished the red, white and blue.

O! God of our fathers, this banner must shine
Where battle is hottest in warfare devine;
The cannon has thundered, the bugle has blown,
We feared not the summons, we fought not alone.

O! lead us till wide from the gulf to the sea,
Our land shall be sacred to freedom and thee;
And spring's fairest flowers in gratitude strew
O'er those who have cherished the red, white and blue!

Then welcome to wounding, to combat and scars,
One Country, one Banner, the Stripes and the Stars.

## Selected Story.

### THIRTY PROPOSALS.

#### A Miner's Love Story.

"You don't say that is his wife? Well, she is a stunner, and no mistake. I confess to an overwhelming curiosity concerning that marriage. Why, in the States he was considered an inveterate bachelor. Somehow he never cared to go round with the girls as the rest of us did; but always took his mother everywhere and waited upon her as though she had been the Queen of England. All the girls liked him, and if he ever ventured where they were, they would flutter around him, but it was plain enough he never gave them a second thought.

"His mother used to say: 'If my son ever marries 'twill be a very superior woman, quite different from the girls one ordinarily meets.'

"When we heard at home that he was married, the girls said a little spitefully, I reckon: 'There must be a one wonderful woman in California' and they hoped she would be 'superior' enough to teach the old bachelor a lesson or two. How is it, is she likely to?"

"Well, there's more to her than you'd think at first sight. She must be real gold herself, or she would never have appreciated our friend. He is solid and substantial, but not very showy. I've known him intimately for years, and I never knew him to say or do a mean thing. He deserves his good luck, and I will own it; though, to be honest, I wanted that woman for my wife, and have not reached a point yet where I can take much pleasure in thinking of the wedding. Come over here under the trees and I'll tell you how it came about; but you'd better not let on you know it, for 'tis a sort of understood thing, that we are supposed to keep it on the square, and it is rather a tender subject to us boys.

"It was the summer of '60, we lived over in the canon I was telling you about; there were thirty of us in the gang, and we had four cabins, with a store house, which was general property. We all worked hard through the week, and on Sundays did our washing and caught our house work up a little. I suppose we should have been called a hard set, but we were not any rougher than men generally who get a living by themselves for a year or two.

"Eight of us camped together, and each of us had as distinct an individuality as though we represented different nations. Somehow we had acquired a soubriquet which was acknowledged to be characteristic, and we were called by it in camp to the complete ignoring of our real names.

"There was Hal Winterton, a Southerner and a fierce secessionist; we called him 'South Carolina.' Dave Austin, a Connecticut man and a regular sell, we called 'Nutmegs.' 'Dandy' stuck to Charlie Chapin, for he was a natural fop. Then there was Ned Simpson, a genuine 'Aunt Betty;' you'd know his name at the first glimpse without my saying a word. Otis Allen would faint if he jammed his finger or had a sight of blood. He was 'Our Baby.' Jack Cummings was a wag, and he certainly deserved his cognomen, 'Jack the Wicked.' Jim Woodruff was known all over the country by the appellation of 'Judge;' and your humble servant, from his black eyes, swarthy complexion and jetty locks, perhaps something, too, in my manner, was styled 'Senor.'

"Well, we were a good natured set of fellows, always making allowance for each others' peculiarities, and never having any strict on in the camp. Sometimes I used to think we joked "Aunt Betty" and "Our Baby" rather unmercifully, but a word from our "Judge" would straighten us at once.

"If one was sick, we all took a turn about in watching and nursing, but the Judge was one that knew just what to do, and was always near to do it. Tender and patient as a woman, we all honored him and held him a little higher in our estimation than we did any one else in the camp.

"I forgot to tell you that a month before, and when "Dandy" and "Aunt Betty," were not of our number, we had in their place Will Browning, who was equal to two men any day. Good to work and good to play, as smart as need be, and true to the core. I think most any of us would have been glad to have gone with Will over the mountains, but he said, "No, stay where your are, boys; you are doing well, and if I find anything better I will let you know at once. Then come, all hands of you, and it will be a jolly time when we get together again."

You know it wasn't the pleasantest traveling in the world to get around two years ago.

We hadn't heard a word from Will, though he had been gone for a long time. Several letters had come for him, but of course, we couldn't forward them, having no idea of his whereabouts, and we had come to the conclusion that he would walk in upon us some time dead broke, and cured of his roving disposition. We had finished work one day, and had supped off three B's, as we called our beans, and bacon and bread; the table stood just where we had left it, for you know that miners are not very fastidious in their notions. We were sitting on a long bench which reached across one end of our cabin, talking over the day's work and speculating on what the boys were doing over to the left side of us, when all at once a woman stood in our cabin door.

Now a woman in those days was a curiosity among bucks here among the hills, and there were men in our camp who hadn't set eyes on one for better than two years. She stood still, just looking at us. I don't know what the rest thought, but Aunt Betty said afterward "that it seemed like a warnin' to some of us," and he was wondering whose time had come. The Judge sat on the edge of the bench, and he arose and took off his hat. One after another followed his example slowly, each one getting up in turn and taking off his hat. We must have looked comical, for we all had on woolen shirts, our sleeves rolled up and collars turned back. Our pants were tied about our waists and tucked in no very careful manner into our rubber boot legs. Add to our costume, eight faces unshaven and and unshorn for weeks, and you catch some idea of our general appearance.

The pale light of our sputtering candle added to the weirdness of the scene, and when "Jack the Wicked" murmured, "To your knees, boys, all at once," I guess we were all more than half inclined to obey. The Judge recovered himself quickest, and advanced toward the door. "I wish to see my brother, Will Browning, I heard he was here," said the most musical voice I ever heard.

"He was here a few months ago," replied the Judge, "but we do not know where he is now. How did you come and where are your friends?"

"I come through the valley and shadow of death, I should think, for I am nearly dead with hunger, and for friends, I have the gloomiest old teamster you ever saw; though I thought it was rare good luck when I found him, and he engaged to take me up here to Will. I paid him every cent of money I had, and I haven't had a mouthful for days but bacon, and is there any hotel within a short distance? If not perhaps there is some good woman who would let me stay with her until I can get word to Will."

I guess every man hugged to himself the thought that she would be obliged to stop with us awhile; even the Judge didn't look very sorry, though he professed to feel dreadfully for her dilemma.

He said, and I am sure his full rich voice must have seemed a tower of strength to her: "Will is a dear friend of ours, and if you will kindly allow us the honor of protecting his sister until he can be communicated with, we should be under great obligations to you. We must look very odd to you; but we claim to be gentlemen, and I assure you that we can and will make you comfortable."

"She had a perplexed look on her face when the Judge told her there was no woman living near; but she was mistress of the situation in a moment, and said demurely, though with a sly sparkle, 'Oh, I shall be comfortable enough, but shan't I be troubling you terribly?"

Every one spoke at once "No trouble, not the least." And then Dandy said: 'Judge, if you was to introduce us to the lady, perhaps she would feel more at ease with us."

The Judge must have been awfully smitten at first sight, or he would not have been guilty of introducing us by our camp titles. As it was, he said, 'Miss Browning, allow me to introduce to you Will's friend, Mr. South Carolina.' He advanced as he was called, and in the most chivalric manner bowed over the lady's extended hand. 'This is Mr. Nutmeg, another friend of your brother.'

He bowed stiffly and everywhere but at her. 'Aunt Betty, did you know Will? I believe you didn't; but he will be a friend all the same to you, Miss Browning.'

"'You can bet your life on that every time,' said Aunt Betty, and we were all ready to split by that time, the Judge looked so dignified doing the honors of the occasion in such a happy manner, as he no doubt thought.

"He continued: 'That is Mr. Dandy;' I wish you could see the bowing and scraping. By that time she had taken in the drollery of the thing, and when Dandy bowed so profoundly, swept him a courtesy that liked to have finished him on the spot.

"Senor and Will were sworn allies; we used to call them David and Jonathan.

"She smiled and asked, 'Which are you?' And for the first and only time in my life I did not know what to say, but I stammered out, 'Either, ma'am.' There was something like a snicker from our company, but the Judge had no eyes or ears for any one but her; so he kept on, and with a wave of the hand presented 'Our Baby.' The great six footer looked for all the world as though he would put up lip and cry, until Miss Browning said, 'How do you do, dear? Can we talk?' and then he blurted out, 'My name is Otis Allen.'

"Jack got the start of them, and stepping in front of them, said in tragic tones, 'Jack the Wicked,' known all over the Pacific coast for my diabolical acts—and let me assist our friend—this is the Judge, who is a terror to all evil doers and the protector of distressed innocents, wherever and whenever they have the good fortune to fall into his hands.'

"'Yes,' said the Judge, with the most imperturable gravity; and now you know us all, and must consider as your obedient servants.'

"She laughed a low rippling laugh and said, 'Yes, I am sure I know you all now, and I should like to shake hands all round; it would give me a sort of a home feeling, and you would feel better acquainted with me, I guess.'

"She began with the Judge, and he looked, while he held her hand, as though he had been translated.

"'She's got an awful lot of magnetism about her, I tell you; my arm and hand thrill now when I think of that first hand clasp. We hadn't a chair in the cabin, but we gave her our best three legged stool. She took off her jaunty hat and sack, and each one sprang to take them. She didn't seem to notice us, but left them lying in her lap. She told us she had some baggage a little way from our house; she had left it there so as to walk in upon Will unannounced, and instead of finding her dear old Will, she had stumbled upon such a lot of friends.

"'Can you give me something real good to eat?' and she glanced at the table, with its dirty dishes and the scanty remains of our supper.

That table was cleared off in a jiffy; a plate was washed and a can of chicken opened. Aunt Betty made a cup of tea, and another stirred up some flap-jacks, and another of us thought to scour a knife and fork by running them into the ground several times. Oh, they were lively times for a few minutes you'd better believe. Only the Judge—he never moved, but looked right at her. She did not seem to notice him, but watched our operations with great interest.

While she ate—and the quaintness of our surroundings did not affect her appetite—we all stood round and waited upon her. I guess never a day while she lived with us but what she laughed about her first meal there.

We partitioned her off a bed-room in one corner by putting up some blankets, and all but the Judge and Aunt Betty went into the storehouse to sleep.

"You'd think that when we got there we should be likely to talk over the wonderful event, but we didn't; not a word was spoken concerning it. But I reckon there was considerable thinking done in that one night.

"By light we were all up and pacing in front of the cabin. The teamster had given notice of the charge he had left with us, and all the other boys were over there to learn how things were. There wasn't a stroke of work done in that camp that day, and not much for a week.

"Then the Judge called us together and told us 'twouldn't do; we were getting demoralized; that Miss Browning was unhappy because she felt she had interrupted our arrangements, and we must come right down to steady days' work after that. Well, we tried to, but we could never get back to old times. There was a good deal of rivalry amongst us, and some cutting things were said. The judge sent letters in all directions for Will, but three weeks had passed without a word in reply. We had all in turn offered to accompany Miss Brown to San Francisco, but she said she knew no one there; Will would be sure to come before long, and would be so disappointed if she should leave; besides, hadn't she eight of the very best brothers in the world? She would stay a while longer, and she would help cook and mend for us, so as not to burden us too much. She had a few new books she had bought for Will, and she would read to us evenings. We came up an hour earlier than usual, and our table was always ready for us, and it had many an extra touch that none but a woman would think of. We were a silent set of men during the day, but each did his best when we got home. Stories were told, songs were sung, and with her reading we were all entranced. She always called us by the names which were first given her, and ever so many times she went through the introduction, acting out all the parts. It seemed funnier to her than it did to us. She talked with South Carolina about the beauties of the southern sky, and of the flowers and trees which eclipsed anything at the north. To Nutmeg she praised New England, and she had some favorite topic to discuss with each of us.

"Of course we were all in love with her, but none dared boast of having received any sign of preference from the lady. We had all proposed to her once, and some of us half a dozen times. She just made light of it; said we were crazy, and didn't know what we were about, but she came to know after a while that we did.

"There was open war. We all acted like madmen, except the Judge; he would not answer any of our taunts, but was most pleasant to all. Yet he grew to look real careworn, and everytime he met any of us alone he would say he hoped Will would come soon. He talked to us about keeping the peace, and appealed to our honor as men and our love for our old comrade. Kate herself had a quiet little talk with each one. I don't know how she managed it, but she left the impression upon us all that we were more likely to be accepted if we behaved ourselves and kept quiet; but 'twas no go—we couldn't.

"One evening she refused to sit down with us to the table, and so little was eaten. She walked up and down the room and then said emphatically, 'I'm going off. I don't know where, but I must go away; this is getting unbearable. I cannot meet one of you but I am importuned to marry you. Don't you know, gentlemen, I cannot marry you all, and if I choose to snow one but of pleasure is the society of any one the rest are all angry. Now I ask you what shall I do? Will doesn't come, and I am all alone. I wish you would drop all this nonsense and behave yourselves. Why won't you?'

"She looked from one to the other, and finally asked of Jack, 'Come, you own to being wicked, and you've been an awful tease; won't you reform, and then all the rest will?'"

"Aunt Betty said, 'If you care for any of us, make it known, and then the rest shall behave, or—there will be a row.'

"'That's just it—you will fight any way, you are getting so savage. In being lovers I am afraid you have forgotten to be gentlemen.'

"'Wasn't that a stinger for us? But we didn't feel it then as we have since. We had promised we would not say a word after her decision was made known to us. And each one may have felt a little elated thinking he was likely to be chosen."

"She sat down and put her face on her arm, but it was only for a minute. Then she said: 'I shall ask for two days to think of it. Next Sunday there will be a wedding here, and a supper afterward, which we will all help to prepare. If any one speaks to me on the subject between this time and that his doom is sealed.'

"There was an oldish man over at the next cabin who had seemed to have a kind of fatherly care over Kate. And I might as well say here that all of the thirty who were unmarried, had offered themselves to her and been peremptorily refused.'

"Well, Kate and old man Howe had a long talk together, and then he went off and did not get back until Sunday, and he brought a minister with him. There was some kind of service in the afternoon out under the trees, but none of us paid much attention. Our eyes were all for Kate, and she was crying softly all the time. When it was over, she took the preacher's arm and talked with him some time. Then she went into our cabin, and we all followed. Mean, wasn't it? But we didn't see it in that light then.

"The man took the Bible from his pocket, and said, 'This lady informs me that you have promised to abide quietly by her decision, and to dwell in peace and harmony together. For her sake you will not object to come here one by one, and take an oath which I shall dictate. It is that you reiterate your promise with a hand on this sacred book.'

"We advanced and received it as solemnly as though it was to be the last of our lives. Then he told us that Miss Browning was very much attached to us all, but of course could marry but one, and we must bear our disappointment like men.

"She went and stood beside him. I thought she would faint, but did not. We all arose when the minister said—'Let us pray.' When he was part through, the Judge sat down, completely overcome by his feelings. I am free to say that this was the longest prayer I ever heard. If the minister had been suspended between heaven and the other place, as we were, he would have had fewer words, I am sure.

"When it was over he said: 'I am here to solemn marriage between Catharine F. Browning the must have felt an inward chuckle over the torture he was inflicting, for he paused, well, may be only a minute, but it seemed an hour,) and James A. Woodruff. If any of you know cause or just impediment why these two persons should not be joined in holy matrimony you are to declare it now, or else forever hold your peace.'"

"Jim had not stirred a step. The minister took his hand and placed him beside the bride. He walked up then, and I guess the look he gave her satisfied her, for her face cleared up like a summer sky after a rain.

"The brief service was soon over that made the Judge a happy Benedict, and us, perhaps, bachelors for life.

"Jim looked up so earnest at us: 'Boys, I do not deserve this happiness as much as either of you; but it has fallen to me, and I will do my best to make her happy. Will you not wish us God speed?' and he held out his hand. Each of us was man enough to walk up and take it and the little brown hand which had been given to Jim.

"Then we had supper. There wasn't much eaten, yet we all lived through it; but none of us have felt much hankering after weddings since, I reckon."

## Miscellany.

From the N. Y. Times.

### A Romance of California.

The golden colonies of California and Australia furnish inexhaustible materials for romance, and the imaginative freshness, characteristic of the budding literature of those regions, is no doubt stimulated by the novelty of surrounding scenes and incidents. When people are poor one day and absolutely rolling in wealth the next, when they glide luxuriously along in "palace cars" over a country where last year the coyote and grizzly rambled undisturbed, and when they gaze upon scenery whose stupendous majesty renders all former recollections of nature tame and monotonous, it is not strange if they attempt, in Mr. Emerson's sense, to develop their individuality, and in striving to be original should sometimes succeed.

A tale comes to us from San Francisco so oddly dramatic as to be worth recording. It appears that a charming young lady—of course the story would lack interest were she commonplace—fell in love with a person, called, by his own class and those with whom they consort, a "sport." In other words, he was a dealer at faro bank, and as such excluded from the society wherein his fair enslaver habitually moved. But they met by chance at a public ball; and, just as *Claude Melnotte* admired from his flowers and cabbages, the haughty *Pauline*, who was destined to become his bride, so, from amid his marked cards, chips and coppers, did the young gamester lift his eyes to this lovely girl of San Francisco, and forgot the gulf between them. So in the sequel did she. Somehow they were introduced at the ball, and afterward they met—this time not by chance—at a photograph gallery. They were subsequently described by the sympathetic artist as they appeared on the occasion. She wore blue and had "a wealth" of golden hair. The captive "sport" was "faultlessly dressed" in full black, garnished with diamonds, and had "a love of a moustache." The first clandestine meeting was followed, as is apt to be the case, by others, and, to tell the tale briefly, wound up with a secret marriage.

All went on smoothly for a time, great as was the risk, and the honeymoon, masked in secresy as it was, seemed to promise well. But presently a tiny cloud darkened the skies of happiness. It came, to quote the words of a San Francisco journal, "in the shape of a live, healthy man of business, occupying business relations with the young lady's papa." This healthful and eligible gentleman soon became a suitor for the young lady's hand. The father, who is represented to be a "merchant prince" of conventional prejudices, favored the suit. It was avoided quite naturally, by the daughter, and finally entreaties, expostulation, and menace brought on an explosion. All was confessed, and the horror-stricken parent was dumb with rage and mortification. But this young, yet astute child of the setting sun was equal to the occasion. "What's the use," she pertinently asked, "of making a fuss about it? The thing's done. The only question is, how can it be undone so that I can do as you wish?" The father listened in silence, and the daughter went on: "I believe my husband is already tired of me, and I know I am of him. No one knows of this. Go and buy him off. Make him consent to a divorce. Give him what money he wants, and then I can marry the rich and prosperous New Yorker." This guileless scheme appealed strongly to the business instincts of our "merchant prince," and he straightway set to work to realize it. Several interviews followed with the "sport," who proved as fickle as the blind goddess he followed, and finally $20,000 was agreed upon as the sum to be paid him for consenting to the divorce. This was promptly carried through. The rich New Yorker, none the wiser, soon came for his bride to the golden gate, and their engagement was formally announced. And now follows the pith of this romantic story.

The marriage was to take place in a week, and the intended bride was all blushes and complaisance. Father and bridegroom vied with each other in lavishing costly gifts upon her, and the unsophisticated creature had a sumptuous trousseau made ready to bring eastward to New York. But the night before the wedding a thrill of dismay ran through the household. It was the story of young Lochinvar over again. The bride had fled, and, worse than all, with the insidious "sport." The $20,000 and the trousseau, together with the wedding gifts, we need hardly say, bore the faithful pair company. A letter was soon found addressed to the father. It stated, simply, that the young lady had changed her mind, and that when the epistle was read—she would be far on her way to New York, escorted by her former husband, whom she had *married again*. Whether the whole plan was arranged beforehand by way of getting a start in life that faro had failed to supply, must be left to conjecture. It is said, however, that the father has not been obdurate, and that on the accepted condition, that the green cloth should be abandoned forever, he has forgiven the twice wedded pair, and made his son-in-law his business agent in the Atlantic States. Such is life.

### An Extraordinary Execution.

A gentleman of Jonesburg, Mo., recently returned from Texas, relates an extraordinary occurrence which took place a short time since in the Indian Nation. He was an eye witness of the scene. A Choctaw Indian, having committed a wilful murder, was arrested, tried, and sentenced to be shot to death. He asked for twenty days in which to prepare and visit his friends, giving his word of honor as a "brave" to return at the appointed time, and was allowed to go forth without a guard or bail.

At the expiration of the twenty days, according to the appointment, the hour for the execution arrived and the Indian, true to his word, at the very hour and minute, galloped up to the place where the sentence was to be carried out, in company with three of his sisters and three of his brothers, all appearing as cheerful as though they had come to a dance or a frolic. The coffin was then brought on the ground, but some one remarked that it was too small, upon which one of the doomed Indian's brothers told him to lay down in it and measure, which he cheerfully did, and laughingly said, "It fits all right." The crowd meanwhile appeared to be in the most cheerful spirits, and cracked jokes and laughed. At last, when all was ready, the doomed man was ordered to sit on the ground. A handkerchief was then placed over his eyes by his sister. While the Sheriff held one hand, one of the condemned Indian's brothers held the other on each side of him. The deputy sheriff then stood in an old house, about ten steps in front of the condemned with a rifle. From some cause the rifle went off accidentally, the bullet passing up through the roof of the house. The Indian, believing he was shot, drew himself up and shuddered, but did not speak or move from the spot. A black mark was then made over the Indian's heart, with spittle and powder, by his brother, while the deputy sheriff reloaded his rifle, and at a signal he took steady aim, fired, and pierced the center of the mark. The Indian with a few struggles, fell back dead with his brother and the sheriff still holding his hands. No one seemed to be in the least affected, except the doomed Indian's mother, who shed tears, but was told to "shut up" by her son, that all was over. Thus ended the extraordinary execution. The particular locality in the Indian nation where this occurrence took place is not given.

### Important Arrest.

The perseverance of Colonel Whitely and his corps of secret service men in ferreting out and bringing to punishment those who have been violating the law of the land by dealing in and shoving counterfeit money is highly commendable. Many arrests have been made recently through the agency of this secret force, but the most important is that of Aaron Koons, who was brought to that city by Detective J. H. Downs, chief operative in the State of Ohio, yesterday, and committed to jail on a charge of passing counterfeit bills on the Bank of Poughkeepsie of the denomination of ten dollars, with which this community was flooded a few months since. It is alleged that Koons was the principal man in shoving the stuff here, and for this he has been held for trial.

Koons is said to be an old offender and is a member of one of the strongest and worst gangs of counterfeiters in the country. He is a son-in-law of John Mingus, having married a daughter of that distinguished individual, but a few month since his wife left him and took up with Bill Cassidy, who is also in jail on a charge of passing counterfeit money. It was through the agency of this woman we are informed, that the arrest of Koons was brought about. He was "spotted" by the force, and Detective Downs set upon his track, which he followed faithfully for over six weeks, and was finally enabled to capture him in Camri county, Illinois. On last Sunday the gang to which Koons belonged were attacked by a force of officers on the Wabash River, and two of the officers were killed and the desperadoes all escaped. Koons was severely injured in the affray and was found on the following Tuesday in a little inland town, where it appears he had laid up for repairs. If the evidence is as strong against him as reported, he will not have an opportunity for dealing in the "queer" for several years to come, unless he should dupe some of Warden Wright's boarders with it.—*Pittsburgh Commercial.*

New uses for paper are continually discovered. One of the latest is to employ it for the manufacture of railroad car wheels. The paper is cut into discs the diameter of the wheel, less the thickness of the tire, and subjected to a pressure of one and a half tons to the square inch, and then secured by iron flanges held by bolts passing through them and the paper. The wheel then receives a steel or iron flanged tire. The advantages claimed for the use of the paper for this purpose are, that it is noiseless, does not swell or shrink with the weather, affords a stay to the tire and a lateral support in turning curves, adapts itself to any trifling inequality of the inner surface of the surrounding tire, and is stronger than any other material of the same weight of which a wheel may be made.

### THE TREATY IN ENGLAND.

#### Opinion and Feeling with Regard to It on the Other Side.

The *Tribune* publishes a letter from its London correspondent, George W. Smalley, who has just arrived in New York. The following is the substance:

"When I left London, the treaty had not been ratified on this side, and although the sanction of the Senate was pretty confidently expected, there was a great deal of anxiety about it. Altogether there was just enough uncertainty about the matter to bring out clearly, both in private talk and public debate, the solicitude of the English for a settlement of some kind. We seem to forget that the treaty has to be ratified there as well as here, and that public opinion must be consulted in England not less than in America. So far as the ministry was concerned their approval was sure.—The English Commissioners were in constant consultation by cable with their government, and whatever was agreed to by them had been accepted in advance by the English cabinet. On the other hand, the conservative party in England have been far from imitating the Democratic party here. They have abstained from any attempt to make party capital out of a question vital to the peace of the two nations, and I will venture to predict that the conservative minority in the House of Commons will not be found voting against a ratification of the treaty. From one of its provisions they may dissent, but nothing is more unlikely than a party division on a subject which contains no element of party politics. During the last few days I spent in London I saw and talked with two members of the cabinet interested in Anglo American questions, and with many other members of Parliament, including some of those radical liberals whose opposition to the government has made itself strongly felt during the session, and with some leading journalists whose opinions are, to say the least, of equal weight with those which one gathers in the house. Everybody with whom I talked expressed, without any qualification, his desire for the ratification of the treaty by the Senate, and his belief that its acceptance in England was certain. I put some questions about details, whether, for instance, the expression of regret for the escape of the Alabama excited any repugnance.

"'Certainly not,' was the answer. 'We are sorry, why should we not say so. It is nothing which one gentleman would not say to another.' I asked again about the inferential recognition of liability for the escape of the Alabama. 'It is very strong,' answered one prominent member of the house; 'I think even stronger against us than if we had expressly admitted our liabilities, for we allow an arbitrator to judge our conduct by a rule that is sure to convict us. It is tantamount to saying that we have heretofore resisted on technical grounds a claim to which we had no moral defense.'

"I suppose it is hardly necessary to say that the Alabama claim is regarded in England as a surrender to us of all that we have ever claimed. Nobody attempts to hide that fact. On the other hand, they look upon our tacit abandonment of the claim on account of the recognition of confederate belligerency by England as an important concession. Much of the unreasonable criticism aroused by Sumner's speech was due to the urgency with which he pressed that claim, and the fact that it might have been pressed under the Clarendon convention was one great reason why the English professed to be content with the failure of that convention. I asked again and again this question, assuming, as both do, that the treaty will be ratified on both sides. What will be the result in England? It is a settlement which you accept as a means of being rid at a high price of troublesome and dangerous complication, but which is to leave behind a lasting regret or resentment; or it is a settlement which you accept most cordially, and which you believe and mean shall be followed on your part by a hearty friendship, such as ought to exist between the two nations.

"The answer was invariably the same. 'We make the treaty in good faith and accept it cordially. We hail it as an omen of cordial good will hereafter on both sides. If it is accepted in the same spirit in America, we believe it marks an epoch in the history of the English speaking races.'"

### Playing Ball.

We had in our school a boy named Ben Simmons, a fat lubberly fellow, who always had cold feet and was generally allowed to sit by the stove, tilted back in a chair, and rest his feet against the upper edge to keep them warm.

School was called. The cold-foot Ben Simmons was in his usual place, tilted back in his chair, with his great boots on the stove, studying his reading lesson, and had the big dictionary in his lap, looking out a hard word. The grammar class were parsing.

The teacher stood in front of his desk with one elbow resting on it, and the other hand holding his parsing book.

Just at that moment Tom Rodger's ball rolled out on the floor, not stopping until it was within a few inches of the teacher's feet. Without raising his eyes from his book, he stooped leisurely, picked up the audacious plaything, walked over to the stove, opened the great door and threw it in. The door swung to its place again, and he strolled back to his desk.

He was just setting his elbow into its former position, and stuttering Sammy Turner was just trying to say "sk sk-skip is y-y-y-verb," when a dull explosion was heard, the door of the stove flew open and a great sheet of flame burst out, the wood (about a quarter of a cord) followed pell-mell, Bill Simmons and the dictionary had a trial of skill in turning back somersaults, and then the great rusty iron box slid from the four piles of bricks that supported it, and fell over on its side. The ball itself shot out like a flaming meteor, and struck the black board, falling down into the chalk trough and soon burned itself to a cinder.

The teacher, betraying little surprise or emotion, threw the burning and smoking sticks out at the window, and then called two of the largest boys to help him right the stove. He never asked who owned the ball, and he never cast any more playthings into the fire.

A Baltimore surgeon scouts the idea that men can be chloroformed while awake, insisting that no man wide awake and sober can possibly be chloroformed, without his acquiescence, unless forcibly held; and that, even if a sober man were asleep, the irritation of the air passages caused by the chloroform would almost certainly rouse him.

### How a Will was Found—A Curious Story.

An instance of the renewal in sleep of an impression of memory calling up an apparition to enforce it (it is the impression which causes the apparition which conveys the impression) occurred near Bath half a century ago, and is related by Miss Cobbe in an article on "Unconscious Cerebration," in the last number of *Macmillan's Magazine*. Sir John Miller, a very wealthy gentleman, died, leaving no children. His widow had always understood that she was to have the use of his house for her life, with a very large jointure; but no will making such provision could be found after his death. The heir-at-law, a distant connection, naturally claimed his rights, but kindly allowed Lady Miller to remain six months in the house to complete her search for the missing papers. The six months drew at last to a close, and the poor widow had spent fruitless days and weeks in examining every possible place of deposit for the lost document, till at last she came to the conclusion that her memory must have deceived her, and that her husband could have made no such promise as she supposed, or neglected to fulfill it had he made one.

The very last day of her tenure of the house had just dawned, when in the gray of the morning Lady Miller drove up to the door of her man of business in Bath, and rushed excitedly to his bed-room door, calling out, "Come to me! I have seen Sir John! There is a will!" The lawyer hastened to accompany her back to her house. All she could tell him was that her deceased husband had appeared to her in the night, standing by her bedside, and had said solemnly, "There is a will!" Where it was remained as uncertain as before. Once more the house was searched in vain from cellar to loft, till finally wearied and in despair the lady and her friend found themselves in a garret at the top of the house. "It's all over," Lady Miller said; "I give it up; my husband deceived me, and I am ruined!" At that moment she looked at the table over which she was leaning weeping. "This table was in his study once. Let me examine it!" They looked, and the missing will, duly signed and sealed, was within it, and the widow was rich to the end of her days. It needs no conjurer to explain how her anxiety called up the myth of Sir John Miller's apparition, and made him say precisely what he had once before really said to her, but of which the memory had waxed faint.

### Engrafting Rat Skin on a Man's Hip.

From the Louisville Ledger, May 20th.

We hear of a somewhat novel surgical operation recently performed by Dr. E. R. Hawn, of Leavenworth, Indiana. A young man named Murchison, living in Meade county, Ky., met with a terrible accident while working in a saw-mill, by means of which a piece of skin as large as the bottom of a tin cup was torn from his hip. Dr. Hawn was called to the case. Knowing the extreme difficulties experienced by surgeons in getting injuries of the kind to heal properly, the doctor was at a loss how to proceed. It is well known that where a large surface of skin has been removed the cure is tedious and difficult to accomplish. Nothing but skin will produce new skin, and the exposed surface will not heal further than an inch from the margin, after which the edges must be trimmed again and a new growth started, the operation being repeated as often as necessary, until the entire surface is covered and the cure effected. Not wishing to subject his patient to this tedious and painful process, Dr. H. resolved to try the experiment of engrafttation. His first idea was to take small bits of live skin from various other parts of the body and graft them on the exposed surface, but the patient objected on account of the pain attending the skinning process and the multitude of small sores which would be left. The Doctor then suggested that a portion of the skin of some inferior animal might be used, and the patient readily consented. A rat, about two-thirds grown, was caught, killed and quickly skinned, after which the Doctor cut a piece of the requisite size, trimmed it to suit the exposed surface, clapped it on and fastened it with strips of adhesive plaster, after which the whole surface was covered with a coating of collodion. The experiment succeeded beyond the most sanguine expectations. The graft took by first intention, and in ten days the cure was complete.

The surface of the wound is covered with a fine growth of hair, and the rat skin seems to answer every purpose. The only inconvenience to which Mr. Murchison is subjected is on account of cats. On several occasions, when sitting down reading, he has been put to no little alarm and some inconvenience by having the house cat spring suddenly on him and fasten her teeth in that portion of his pantaloons which immediately covers the transplanted rat skin. The terriers, also, sniff suspiciously at his heels when he walks the streets.

LINCOLN.—On the day of his death, this simple Western attorney, who, according to one party, was a vulgar joker, and whom the doctrinaires among his own supporters accused of wanting every element of statesmanship, was the most absolute ruler in Christendom, and this solely by the hold his good-humored sagacity had laid on the hearts and understandings of his countrymen. Nor was this all; for it appeared that he had drawn the greater majority, not only of his fellow-citizens, but of mankind, over to his side. So strong and so persuasive is honest manliness, without a single quality of romance or unrest sometimes to help it. A civilian during times of the most captivating military achievement, awkward, with no skill in the lower technicalities of manners, he left behind him a fame beyond that of any conqueror, the memory of a grace higher than that of outward person, and a gentlemanliness deeper than mere breeding. Never before that startled April morning did such multitudes of men shed tears for the death of one they had never seen, as if with him a friendly presence had been taken away from their lives, leaving them colder and darker. Never was funeral panegyric so eloquent as the silent look of sympathy which strangers exchanged when they met on that day. Their common manhood had lost a kingman.—*James Russel Lowell.*

Theodore Lehman, a prisoner in the Canton, Ill., jail, recently hung himself by accident, while personating the ghost of one Hedman, who was imprisoned and hung in the same jail, two years before. His acting was for the benefit of a new prisoner whom he wished to frighten, and he did it with a naturalness which was fatal.

# Weekly Toledo Blade.

A. F. MILLER. D. R. LOCKE. J. P. JONES

MILLER, LOCKE & Co., Proprietors.

TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY JUNE 8, 1871.


## PROGRESS OF THE NEW PACIFIC RAILROAD.

The extraordinary abundance of money in our leading money markets and throughout the country during the past month or two has given a decided stimulus to the demand for good railroad bonds, and very large amounts are said to have been placed in them; but none we believe have met with more generous success than those of the Northern Pacific Railroad. These bonds present quite exceptional attractions to investors in the way of security and profitableness. They are similar in character to the most popular of all the government loans, they are engineered and indorsed by the same skillful and experienced hands which filled the Treasury during the war, and they are guaranteed by a first mortgage not only upon a great railroad and its property, but also upon the largest and most valuable land grant ever confided by Congress to the hands of a private corporation. Experience has long ago proved that a railroad which opens up even a sparsely populated region will in a short time build up business enough for itself to make it a paying investment; and the experience of the past year has proved that a railroad across our continent, encountering enormous obstacles from the start, burdened with a debt altogether out of proportion to its actual cost of construction, and subjected since to the disastrous meddling of the Treasury, can yet achieve an unprecedented financial success.

This experience, no doubt, and the present standing of Central Pacific bonds in our markets, are the true explanation of the gratifying success of the Northern Pacific Railroad's loan; for the people reason naturally that if a road, which traverses the most difficult and unpromising portion of our continental area, can earn enough in the first full year of operation to pay all expenses and to meet its financial obligations, at least equal success may be predicted of a road which reaches the Pacific by a route 600 miles shorter; which encounters no serious natural obstacles anywhere on the the line; and which opens up for the first time that great Northwest, of which "Carelton" and other explorers tell such wonderful things, and which already has a trade far exceeding in importance and surpassing in amount that which awaited the competition of the other route.

The natural effect of such facts is being felt not only in our own markets but among foreign investors. Had the late Franco-Prussian war been postponed a couple of weeks, a large part of the Northern Pacific Company's entire loan would have been taken in Germany and England; and, even as it is, though the whole financial system of Europe has been deranged, the announcement is daily expected from London that a very heavy amount has been subscribed for.

Such a subscription by English capitalists will no doubt cause an active demand both at home and abroad for the remainder of the loan.

The financial success of the enterprise being assured, the speedy building of the road is merely a question of engineering. No attempt is being made to force the construction, but it seems to be the intention of the Company to build just as rapidly as shall be consistent with solid and satisfactory work. In our day, however, such work is by no means slow; and though work was only begun in July of last year, the whole section extending across Minnesota, from Lake Superior to the Red River of the North, is nearly ready for the trains. Grading is also in progress, and the track is being laid west of the Rocky Mountains, and the probabilities now are that in three or four years at farthest the second great highway to the Pacific will be contributing to the country's commerce.

## LESSON TO BE LEARNED OF FRANCE.

The lesson to be gathered from the present experiences of France is that it is not wholly a matter of indifference to the government what form of falsehood or error in politics or morals gain currency and credence among the people, and that nations and communities are indebted far more than they are willing to allow, to moral and social agencies for their peace and prosperity. A political error set forth by CALHOUN more than a third of a century ago, which gained the credence of a majority of the leading citizens of the South, was not stopped on its career of mischief until it had murdered all the brave boys whose graves we covered with flowers on yesterday. A belief in false moral ideas and false social theories makes Paris the wreck it is to-day.—France is one vast Golgotha, and Paris for three months has been in a dance of blood. The way for this has been preparing for a long time. The seeds for this crop of dragon's teeth were sown long ago. It began by the diffusion of atheistic ideas among the working people. They were taught that there was no GOD, no future account, no immorality for man. They were led to believe that the morality begotten of religion was only a device of despots and monopolists to deprive workingmen of their rights, and that the rulers and religious instructors of France were the greatest enemies of the people. Gen BERGERET one of the Communists, said: "If there were a GOD he would be a tyrant." With such a belief, where is to be found any moderation or restraint for the brutal passions of a mob, when once their raging thirst for blood is excited? BERGERET thought if there be a GOD, he must be such a one as himself would be. He read his conception of GOD not in nature, not in providence, not in revelation, but "evolved" it from the depths of a vile consciousness. If there be no GOD to give law, they then reason that all government, except it be that of complete and utter aggrarianism, is unjust and despotic. The rights of property are not to be respected. The wages and earnings of the industrious and the thrift of the economical, they reason, should be divided with the idle and thriftless. This heresy in morals is at the bottom of all their political mischiefs. The philosophers laid down the premises with no dream that the people in their rashness and madness would practically carry out their theories to their direst logical results.

A strong religious sentiment—a belief in GOD as the source of law and government—in the necessity of social order—the maintenance of the rights of the family and the rights of property—is, after all more than the power of courts, or of bayonets in this land. The moral instructor keeps the dangerous passions in restraint. The worst inheritance of any people is that lack of sound moral conviction which leaves merciless and vindictive passions without government.

## GENERAL BUTLER ON THE NEW TREATY.

Gen. B. F. BUTLER is trying to array the New England States against the new treaty. On the 22d he read to the Committee on Federal Relations of the Massachusetts Legislature, a letter which he had addressed to his son-in-law, Senator AMES, of Mississippi, setting forth his reasons for condemning the new treaty, It will be remembered that for some time Gen. BUTLER has manifested a disposition to provoke, if possible, a war with Great Britain. It is evident that his "voice is still for war." The following synopsis of his pamphlet of twenty-four pages is given in a special to the Philadelphia *Press*:

"Mr. Butler first criticises the settlement of the fishery question, in which he says: 'Out of the 400,000 barrels of mackerel caught between cape May, or the 39th parallel and the northern extent of their limit, by our fishermen, only some 30,000 barrels were taken last year east of Maine in all waters, British or other. In frankness it should be stated that owing to the annoyances our fishermen have suffered, and from other special causes, that catch was smaller than usual, but it may be safely put at an average not much exceeding 30,000 barrels.

"During the reciprocity treaty, and since its abrogation, when fishing under full British license, our fisherman took something less than one-fifth their catch within the three-mile line, that the amount of the concession by the present treaty to us is the right of Great Britain to five thousand barrels of mackerel when swimming in the sea within three miles of her shores. Now, as fishing is only about a 15 per cent business, or, in other words, as 85 per cent of the value of fish taken consists in the use of capital employed, labor expended in taking curing, packing, and preparing for market, it will be seen how inconsiderable is the right actually attempted to be ceded to us by the present treaty. Its extent is, in fact, when reduced to money value, from $5,000 to $7,000 annually only." In this connection the General continues: "I see it stated, in what purports to be the protocol to the treaty, that the American commissioners opened the negotiations with an offer to pay $1,000,000 in gold for this right, or $60,000 annually for all time for the right which Nova Scotia offered to sell and did sell for $7,000 a year. Where our commissioners got their extraordinary valuations it is difficult to conjecture.

"It is not wonderful that the English commissioners thought they had something too valuable to dispose of, when Yankees would offer a million dollars for the right to begin with. As the Englishmen had ulterior objects to be gained, they would put no money value upon the fisheries, as they intended to force open our ports by all means."

Further, Gen. Butler says: "It cost the British government $800,000 to guard the right of a value of $7,000 per annum, which amount will be saved by the ratification of the treaty to the Imperial Government and its adjuncts. We are, by the provisions of the treaty, in exchange to permit for this $7,000 all British fishermen to fish in all our waters for all kinds of fish except shell fish and river fish, and to land on our shores to cure their fish and dry their nets from the 45th to the 39th parallel, or from Eastport to the Delaware Bay." The opening of our ports to British fish free of duty, and competition with British bounty of one dollar per quintal and French bounty of ten francs, and other features of the treaty, the General believes will substantially ruin our fishing interests.

In concluding this review of the fishery question, General Butler says: "I grieve, therefore, that so complete an abandonment of American fishing interests should have been made by our commissioners, and I trust the Senate will not ratify this portion of the treaty unless there shall be found another portion sufficiently countervailing the advantages, so we can afford this great loss. It is, expressly stated in the protocol, however that the fishery questions were considered by themselves."

The remainder of Mr. Butler's letter is devoted to the settlement for the depredations on American commerce, the navigation of the St. Lawrence, and other matters embraced in the treaty, all of which he criticises in no approving spirit.

☞ The sensation of the season at West Point is the arrival of another colored cadet, Henay Alonzo Napier, from Tennessee. He is a native of Nashville, and rumor says he has the blood of the ancient and honorable English Napiers in his veins. He is described as about eighteen years of age, five and a half feet in stature, darker than cadet Smith, and dignified and charming in his conversation, with a very natural and becoming military bearing, acquired at the Washington, D. C., Howard University, where he was Quartermaster and Adjutant of cadets. He has the reputation of being a good scholar, a hard student, and a conscientious gentleman. Other colored cadets are reported to be coming, and the boys are praying that enough will be sent to make a full company.

☞ The public will read with satisfaction that the jury in the case of FOSTER, the ruffian who murdered Mr. AVERY D. PUTNAM, while he was handing ladies from the street car in the city of New York, have convicted him of murder in the first degree. The weak part of the verdict is a recommendation to mercy. Mercy, except such as Heaven may vouchsafe to such a criminal, would be cruelty to the public and an outrage on justice. It is time that street ruffians were given to understand that well behaved ladies and gentlemen have rights which even New York ruffians must respect.

The Madison Courier says: "The class of '61, of the State University of Indiana, 'resolved that this class meet at Mammoth Cave, Kentucky, in ten years from this time, and that a cane be presented to the member of the class having the oldest boy.' 'The class' have under consideration a suggestion to carry out the resolution in July next, and some of the members in this city are hunting up the oldest boy to compete with for the cane."

James W. Marshall, the discoverer of gold in California, is coming East on a visit if he can obtain a free pass over the railroad.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

DESPATCHES received from all points indicate a very general observance of Decoration Day. Even in the larger Southern cities the ceremony of decorating graves was observed. In Memphis, the principal decorators were the colored people, and in some cities the graves of Confederate and Union dead were decorated alike. The suspension of business seems to have been much more general than ever before, and indicates a disposition to make the day a national holiday. The fact that those who died fell in a civil war must, for several generations at least, prevent the day from becoming a national holiday in the sense that the Fourth of July is, and this will probably lead to the gradual abandonment of the day, though not necessarily of the custom of decorating the graves of those who died in the struggle. The custom is certainly one of the most beautiful which has ever been adopted, being the adoption of the mode of expressing private and personal tenderness and bereavement as a public custom. So far as the expression goes, therefore, it makes the dead soldier a member of every family and gives him a place in every heart by the side of the nearest and dearest. There is certainly great fitness and beauty in thus making or adopting the dead soldiers as our *own* dead.

WE noticed recently the fact that Judge DOWLING, of New York, had sentenced two prize-fighters to the penitentiary for one year each for engaging in a prize-fight. It is to be hoped that this precedent will be followed wherever the law will permit it until these brutal exhibitions are totally abandoned. The only possible excuse which ever could be presented for them was that it had a tendency to keep alive a disposition to cultivate the art of self-defence. Experience has shown that they have had just the reverse effect. They have brought the whole art into disrepute and put it out of vogue. But let the authorities suppress prize-fighting by heavy penalties, and the art of self-defence may be revived. Even the professional pugilist might find remunerative employment in teaching boxing and self-defence. If they take to this they should be encouraged, and the era of the boxing master may come round again. The effect of this would be happy in developing the muscle and the nerve of men and would tend to remove the practice of carrying deadly weapons and using them on slight provocation, which is now so prevalent mainly because men are not prepared to defend themselves in other ways. Those who have seen DUNDREARY in the play put to flight a company of roughs simply by a vigorous use of his fists, have found their respect for the silly fellow and for the art of self-defence rising in spite of themselves.

THE New York *Tribune* says that "there are plenty of men in New York to-day with no business to be alive if death had his rights of them, who are working hard on the strength of an occasional bilious attack that lays them up a day or two." No doubt a spell of sickness which lays a man up and gives him a thorough rest and cleansing often prolongs his life for years. But these rests do not come to the majority of men, and they are exhausted frequenly beyond recovery before they are aware of it. To show how busy men are in New York, the *Tribune* quotes from a letter from a business man as follows:

"Let me tell you how I live: Rise at 5½, breakfast at 6½, take the train at 7½, arrive in town at 8½, lecture from 9 to 10, thence to the magazine office, to keep that mill grinding with my own or some one else's grist, and give counsel—something as I used to on a daily newspaper. Between 10 and 12 I must write all letters, do all errands, and then meet the editor to discuss topics for editorial-writing next day. Fortunate if I get through by 1. Then dine in a restaurant, with the golden-winged Democracy; then, from 2 to 6, write as if the Angel of the Lord had appeared unto me with that command. If anybody calls on me in this interval, they find me a bear, and more than five hundred people are constantly asking my chairback where Blake or the reporters are. At 6, I set out for the train; at 7½ or 8, sit down to supper; at 9 begin to study my next morning's lecture. Now, if you can see where the place comes in to write magazine articles, you get a clear impression of the side occupation with which I drive away *ennui* and fill my leisure moments."

There are no doubt hundreds of men who exhaust their vitality by overwork, for overwork is possible, but in probably nine cases out of ten it is not overwork alone which does the mischief. Overwork and the demands of society, public affairs or disaipation, all combined exhaust men. Men who eat and sleep regularly and sufficiently, and do not dissipate in any way between business hours, can do an enormous amount of work both physical and mental and grow stronger by it instead of weaker. It is not hard work so much as their habits between working hours which kills men. But the *Tribune's* demand for a three week's rest every year should be religiously complied with. It is astonishing how a few week's of absolute escape from the care and labor of our business pursuits, especially if spent in the company of a few agreeable companions among the works of Nature, will pack into every cell of the body a surplus of vitality sufficient to run the complicated and sensitive machine with proper care for the rest of the year. We notice this subject now, not so much to call attention to it for the hot weather is doing that effectually, as to help on the sentiment which demands a season of Summer rest

THE Democratic State Convention which meets at Columbus to-morrow, will be looked to with great interest as the first State Convention held after the publication of the "new departure" platform. Delegates will probably be sent from a majority of districts with reference to their views upon this change of front and in some instances probably with instructions. The Cincinnati *Enquirer* says it is understood that a majority of the delegates sent from that city are in favor of the resolutions. Butler county, under the leadership of Col. CAMPBELL, spoke soon after the platform was published and took issue with the resolution in regard to accepting the amendments as final. The Montgomery or VALLANDIGHAM resolutions declare that the Democracy accept the three amendments to the Constitution "as a settlement in fact of all the issues of the war, and acquiesce in the same, as no larger issues before the country." The Butler resolutions declare that the Democracy will "abide by all their provisions until the same shall be amended, abrogated or repealed by the lawfully constituted authorities." The Cincinnati *Enquirer* is now understood to be committed against the "new departure," and is daily filled with acts of resolutions or communications, the tenor of which is that the Democracy cannot abandon the position held during the last decade. Outside of the State there is some very decided expressions of opinion, both for and against the new platform. The Louisville *Courier-Journal* of course endorses it, since it has advocated the acceptance of the results of the war as irreversible for some time, while the *Ledger* condemns it, and attributes the resolutions to VALLANDIGHAM's overweening vanity and desire to lead the Democracy. It advises him to stand aside and permit the party to take its position on the Kentucky platform.

We do not remember on any previous occasion to have seen so many platforms put forth. The custom heretofore has been to leave this matter to the Conventions. It indicates the unsettled and undecided state of the Democratic mind, but it is no doubt safe to predict that when all the States have spoken through their Conventions there will be a majority of them opposed to any "departure" which accepts as final the results of the war as expressed in the reconstruction measures and the amendments. The Democracy, and especially the Southern wing of the party, is not yet able to give over the "lost cause" as wholly lost. Like JEFFERSON DAVIS, it hopes for "returning justice," or in other words a Democratic triumph, to restore in some measure the old order of things.

## GOSSIP.

Whittier's genius, says the *Golden Age*, was kindled by reading BURNS.

The entire length of the Hoosac Tunnel between portals will be 25,586 feet.

Elmira rats don't know much. They steal shoe pegs and stow them away for oats.

The reason why editors have their manners spoiled, is because they receive so many evil communications.

All the literary and historical documents of M. Thiers were destroyed by the Communists when they cleaned out his house in Paris.

A Montreal fire engine found its pipe choked up at a fire, a few days ago, and on investigation a good-sized fish was found in the pipe.

"Pa, is Pennsylvania the father of all the other States?" "Certainly not, my child why do you ask that question?" "Because, I see all the newspapers call it Pa."

A Kalmazooist writes to an Ohio School Board, asking employment as a teacher. He says: "I tought 2 terms school & I attended Colledge 4 yrs at detroit Michigin and am 26 yrs avage."

To change the pitch of the Boston Music Hall organ is by no means a light task. Workmen have been engaged upon the instrument nearly three months, and their labors are not near completion yet.

Texas papers tell of a man who, after being buried five days by the caving in of a well, was rescued alive, and ate, drank, smoked and said he was all right, and a few hours after, began to sink, and died without a struggle.

A young fellow, the son of an eminent dancing master, applying to a friend as to what trade or profession it would be best for him to pursue, was answered: "I think you cannot do better than follow the steps of your father."

As a lady was looking at a burning building in Rockville, Canada, a few evenings since, she fancied that she saw a man fall through the roof into the flames, and so greatly was she shocked that she fell to the sidewalk, dead.

The census recently taken of the city of London shows its population to be three and a quarter millions. This has never been excelled, even by Rome, in its palmiest days, and it at once places that great metropolis in the position of the first city in the world.

Bishop Armitage, of Wisconsin, last Sunday had two engagements to fill, one at Appleton, in the forenoon, and the other at Green Bay in the evening, and made the trip between the two points upon a hand car in less than three hours.

Richard Grant White says Scott, though the most vivid, imaginative, and creative of novelists, is one of the most incorrect of writers; hardly a page of his work is without some error of fact, or in the use of words, or in the construction of sentences.

California does not seem to be a congenial home for authors and journalists. Besides Bret Harte, Mark Twain and John Paul have deserted it within the last few years; and now Mr. Noah Brooks, the leading editor of the *Alta California*, and at one time Mr. Lincoln's private Secretary, is coming east to work on the New York *Tribune*.

The young ladies of an Oswego county (N. Y.) town have met and formally declared that they will not accept the company of any young man who uses tobacco in any form, unless the night is very dark and the road muddy, for the space of sixty days.

A gentleman communicates to the Farmer's Club, at St. Louis, a means of squelching out the Colorado potato bug, now in Indiana and journeying westward. His "remedy" is Paris green and calcined plaster, mixed in the proportion of one pound of the former to a peck of the latter, to put on in the morning as early as the crow flies, as it would be useless to apply it after the dew has dried off. If this be effectual, as claimed, every farmer should know it.

Miss Parsons (now Princess Von Lynar) will be one of the several American Princesses within the new German "Reich," taking position as such after Miss Leclercq, of Baltimore, the widow of Prince Felix, a cadet of the mediatized and mendiæval house of Salm Salm, and Miss Lee, of New York, the widow of the Prince Nace, a scion of the royal house of Holstein Gettrop, actually reigning to-day on the throne of Denmark and Greece.

*Every Saturday* for this week comes with its leaves all cut and trimmed, and pasted at the back, in a way that makes it as handy to open and read as any book. This improvement will be appreciated by the public. The operation requires, not only the use of a larger sized paper, but the use of a new machine, the only one in the world, made expressly for James R. Osgood & Co., which takes the two large sheets, folds, trims and pastes them at one operation, as neatly as if by hand, and at the rate of eighteen hundred copies an hour.

☞ At a recent meeting in New York, in support of the society to explore Palestine, there was exhibited a *fac simile* of the stone discovered in the Holy land, with the Moabitish inscription illustrating facts mentioned in the Second Book of Kings. This stone was set up about the year 892 B. C., and the inscription, which is well understood, confirms in a remarkable manner that protion of the Old Testament which records the rebellion of Moab against Israel, and the Moabites gaining their independence.

Father Cleveland, now almost ninety-nine years of age, and for the last forty years a missionary among the poor of Boston, preached last Sunday at Deer Island, to an audience of about 1,000 persons, gathered from the Almshouses, Houses of Industry and Reformation. He spoke without notes, for thirty-five minutes, on the history of Ruth. He is in good health and excellent voice, evidently enjoying every moment of this life, with bright hopes in regard to the world to come.

It takes the *Saturday Review* to dispose of popular American authors at short notice. A recent issue says: "Of two volumes of collected poems that complete the list for this month, Miss Lucy Hooper's contains, amid much that can only be described by negatives, some pieces that would have been powerful had the execution been equal to the thought, and that, as it is, are above the magazine standard. Bret Harte has some mediocre pieces in English, and some quaint, and now and then vigorous passages in the dialect of the far West."

It is said that 900,000 head of cattle will be driven from Texas to market this year.

Pittsburgh is horrified over a rumor that the bodies of fifteen infants were found in the reservoir while it was being cleaned out.

Some remarkable cures of cancer have been effected by the use of a decoction of the common red clover drank as a tea and used as a wash.

A Prussian sea Captain has got into trouble at New York because he kept his men on a diet of sperm oil and crackers during their last voyage.

One who is, perhaps, a little too critical says that the majority of country preachers could burn quite as well as the old religious martyrs—they are so dry.

The St. John (N. B.) *Telegraph* says: "Mr. Nase, the lessee of the street railway, has determined to make the line pay if possible. He has put on a two cent car."

A preacher in Somerville, Mass., asserted in a sermon on Sunday that that town is the wickedest in the United States. Only 2,700 of its 16,000 inhabitants ever go to church.

Some shoe makers in Stoneman, Massachusetts, who hooted at women who worked under price, were arrested on a charge of being common brawlers and were fined $5 and costs each.

The Jackson (Miss.) *Pilot* asserts that after a heavy rain a few days ago, a resident of that city found, on quite high land, five small minnows, one of which was still alive, that had fallen with the rain.

An Amsterdam journal says New York is so defiant of law and so full of ruffians that clergymen carry muskets to church, and that persons who bear around the contribution box arm themselves with revolvers.

A Rochester woman, indignant at a man who was beating his wife, her sister, threw a lighted kerosene oil lamp at him. There was an explosion, a fire, and a very narrow escape from death to him and destruction to his house.

A little boy was seen by the engineer of a freight train, between Adrian and Detroit, last Monday, trying at, and trying vainly, to pull the body of his drunken father off the track before the approaching train, which was already too near to prevent the father from being badly mangled.

There are some naturalists who believe that diamonds are of vegetable origin, and one member of the London Geological Society believes that they may be produced artificially. Meanwhile $750,000 worth of diamonds have been found in South Africa during the last four years, and passed for duty.

The best imitation of real hair now in the market is that made from linen thread. A New Jersey man is the patentee and only manufacturer in the country, and he makes black linen switches between which and the genuine it is almost impossible to detect a difference. The price he receives is $3 a pound.

The dyspeptic world have been longing for some substance which will reform their digestive powers. Foremost among such agents are the artificial preparations called pepsin, pan-creatin, and maltin. Dr. Farr thinks that a mixture of lime-juice with the former of these substances is excellent for dyspepsia, as he has already used it with excellent result.

The New York *Commercial Advertiser* says "The twelfth juror in the Foster case was captured at half-past 10 this morning. The process of determining his qualifications was brief and to the point: 'Counsel—Do you ever read the newspapers? Juror—No. Counsel—Can you read? Juror—No. Counsel—What do you know about anything? Juror—Nothing. Judge—That'll do, sir; take your seat in the jury-box.'"

Mr. John Gavios, now a life resident at Jeffersonville, Indiana, for putting a fellow-being out of the world, recognizes the act as the direct means of his salvation, temporal and spiritual. He writes to a friend, saying, "I stand this day a redeemed christian from sin. I believe if I hathened killed that old stage driver I would be in Hell this day. I was a drinken myself to deth just as fast I could, and I was so drunk when I killed him I liked to died afterwarths."

Letters from Saratoga say the Czarovitch Alexis has engaged a cottage there near the Grand Union, which is now being put into elegant fitting for his occupancy this summer. Those who rented cottages at high prices near the Grand Union last summer, so as to be near the cottage which was so elegantly fitting up for the reception of the Empress Eugenie, will be in no hurry to engage them again this year, in order to enjoy the society of the Czarovitch. These things wear well one summer, but constant use will make them too thin.

A lady, writing for a Boston paper, explains why it is that women ought not to stand in the street cars. She says: Many a woman is as tall as her husband, but compare his broad and long foot in its thick boot with her little one in a delicate shoe, arched and slender, and about two-thirds the size of his. Compare the body that she has to support on that foot—its small bones, soft muscles, swelling and heavy contours—with the large bones, firm muscles, small hips and spare limbs of his strong frame; reflect, moreover, upon the internal structure of her organism, the frightful danger to which strain or over-fatigue may expose it—including the possible murder of the unborn—and then insist, if you can, that women can stand as well as men. It is not true; they cannot.

There is a novel law-suit in Chenango County just at present, brought by Miss Evans against Curtis Cooper, of Guilford, on a contract made fifteen years ago. The Fulton *Times* gives the particulars in these words: "Mr. Cooper agreed to give Miss Evans one ewe lamb and its increase until she was twenty-one years of age, in consideration of a gold watch key. The suit was brought before Justice Newell to recover the sheep or its equivalent. The evidence showed that the increase was to be in ewe lambs, and that the natural increase of a flock of sheep would double every year. According to this estimate Miss Susie would have at the end of fifteen years 16,064 ewe lambs, which, at $4 per head, would amount to $64,256. Justice Newell heard the evidence, and like a wise man, reserved his judgment."

In a special message to the Mississippi Legislature, Gov. Alcorn again calls attention to the necessity for greater facilities for educating the youth, white and black. He recommends that $50,000 be appropriated to enlarge the Oxford University for the whites and that an equal amount be used to establish a "high school" for the colored boys, with the expectation of making this ultimately a University. He alludes to the expediency of having, for the present, separate schools for the races, and says: "No legal barriers being erected unnecessarily in either case, we may allow distinctions of race to run their course in their character of social sentiments, and thus permit an honorable rivalry in intellectual requirements to grow up among the two sets of our population with free play for its operation in moderating all those forces of repulsion, which may be held to originate in prejudice rather than in fact."

Lebens-Versicherungsgesellschaft Metropolitan is the German way of saying Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.

Sawdust pills, says an old physician, would effectually cure many of the diseases with which mankind is afflicted if every patient would make his own sawdust.

Alexander E. Orr has brought suit against the city of New York for $35,000 for damages done to his grain elevator at the Atlantic basin during the Democratic riots of 1863.

There are reports of a new paper to be started in New York, independent politically, with Republican leanings, and Samuel Bowles, of Springfield, Mass., for editor.

The Princess Felicie is exhibiting in London, en route for America. By the side of her, Minnie Warren is a great, overgrown, horrid thing. Felicie is nine years old, 18 inches high, weighs six pounds, perfectly symmetrical, and sprightly, handsome and intelligent.

Hooks and eyes have now only a small and steady sale. The introduction of buttons for dress fastenings has changed the popular demand. There are seven factories in Massachusetts where hooks and eyes can be made, and an invested capital in this business of over $500,000 lies idle, awaiting the freaks of fashion.

The advocates of vaccination have been delving for statistics, and now come out with the statement that during the century preceding its introduction, 45,000,000 persons died of small-pox in Europe, while only about 9,000,000 have died from that cause since. Only one death in fifty is now due to this disease in London, while the proportion for the last century was one in fifteen.

A writer in *Land and Water* states on the authority of the celebrated Diana of Poictiers, perfumer, that she owed the retention of her charms, when at an advanced age, to the habitual use of rain water, which has, it seems, an extraordinary salutary action on the skin. How delightful to think that it is within every woman's power to keep, so easily and cheaply, what beauty she has.

The little mining town of Auburn, California has a tantalizing mystery. During the last eighteen months various Chinamen have brought into the village and sold chunks of pure gold, varying in value from $20 to $200, which seem to have been roughly chopped off from a solid mass. Where they come from nobody knows; but their character indicates that the Chinamen have found somewhere a pretty considerable mass of pure material, from which they work off chunks from time to time.

The Sycamore, Ill., *Republican* of the 21st says: "Immense fields of corn have been planted this season by itinerant corn-planters, who take jobs at 25 cents an acre. With a man, a boy, a machine, and two horses they plant 20 acres a day." The same paper says: "Many hop yards in this vicinity are being plowed up and abandoned. A shipment of 58 bales—about 12,000 pounds—of hops, made from this place to New York recently, sold there at 2½ cents a pound, which failed to pay the freight and commissions."

The meanest man has got back to New Hampshire once more. He is a physician and is a man of wealth. Some time since he was called to visit his mother, professionally, an old lady of nearly four score years and ten, and he charged her the usual fee. To obtain the money she laboriously knitted socks, and when she had earned the amount he took it. Finally, the old lady died, and she was buried by another son, a man of limited means but generous disposition and eager to discharge his duty to her. With him she had lived for fifteen years, and among the bills presented to him for funeral expenses was one from his brother, the physician, "for use of horse in conveying self and wife to grave, $3," and the horse was his own at that!

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Vice President Colfax is still improving, and was able to walk about his room on the 30th. He is confident that he will be able to start for his home in Indiana to-day.

On yesterday afternoon, a pleasure boat, containing six young men from Warrensville, Ohio, swamped opposite Coit's farm, six miles east of Cleveland, about one half mile from shore. Three of them, who were unable to swim, were drowned.

On the 30th, at Chicago, Charles R. Fribich committed suicide by shooting. Fribich, who is a Polander, some time since had a disagreement with his wife which resulted in her getting a divorce. He then went to Davenport, Iowa, and remained there until the 30th when he returned to Chicago and called at the place where his wife lived and asked to see his children, one of whom, a girl 15 years of age, was present when her father called. Mrs. Fribich told her not to tell where the other children were. Fribich immediately drew a navy revolver and pointed it at his wife. His daughter screamed out and seizing the muzzle of the pistol pulled it down. Upon this both mother and daughter fled from the house and Fribich fired after them, but without effect. Soon after their departure they heard another report, and on returning to the house found Fribich with a wound in his forehead lying dead on the floor. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of suicide.

The New York *Independent* of this week will publish an article written by Prof. Taylor Lewis, of Union College, in which he says that Ruloff, on the day before his execution, sent him a letter requesting him to take charge of his manuscripts, and which furnishes strong contrast to the profanities and frivolties with which he is charged. It is written in a large, distinct and beautiful hand, with perfect accuracy. The language is appropriate, without pretension, yet showing ease and culture in its command. He expresses gratitude for the interest I had felt in his welfare, and hoped I would comply with his last wishes. They were to read his papers carefully, pardon their necessary imperfections, send them to Prof. Julius Seelye, of Amherst College, and then to his brother-in-law in Pennsylvania. If I thought they contained anything of value he wished me to do justice to his literary claims. Prof. Lewis says a brief examination of Ruloff's papers confirms his previous impression that while his writings show proof of genius, they exhibit still more evidence of an irregular mind. He travelled alone and had been led astray by fancied resemblances, imagining himself making discoveries which, to men of more reading, seem like dreams. Prof. Lewis expresses a deep conviction of Ruloff's sincerity in his study of language, and that it was not mere pretense designed for something else.

The report published Wednesday morning in the newspapers that bottles containing an account of the loss of the City of Boston had been washed ashore at Shediac, proves to be a hoax. A telegram from the Halifax agents of the Inman line of steamers says there is no foundation for the story.

A special dispatch from Washington says the Secretary of the Treasury has finally notified Jay Cooke & Co., that the proposition made on behalf of the combination of the banks and bankers and themselves, to take the balance of the two hundred million loan, is declined for the reason that the Secretary doubts his power to accept some of the conditions proposed.

A letter from Jacksboro, Texas, says that on the 18th of May a band of one hundred Indians attacked Henry Warner's train 20 miles from there and killed seven men belonging to the train, and wounded one. Gen. Sherman was at Fort Richardson at the time and ordered four companies of cavalry in pursuit with instructions to drive the Indians into Fort Sill, saying if he found they were Fort Sill Indians he would stop the Indian tribes in that quarter.

Fort Wayne, Muncie, and Cincinnati have issued about 250 invitations to the Southern press, including New Orleans, Memphis, Nashville, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Indianapolis, and other cities, to participate in an excursion party over the Fort Wayne, Muncie and Cincinnati Railroad, in connection with the Fort Wayne, Jackson and Saginaw Railroad, to Saginaw Bay and other points of interest in Michigan. The object of the excursion is to set more fully before the Southern capitalists and dealers the facilities and inducements in grain transportation, etc., that the above routes have over other Northern and Southern outlets. The party will reach Fort Wayne Tuesday evening, June 6, will remain over night, and start for their destination Wednesday morning. Fishing, etc., will be the order of the day for the succeeding few days. A special train of new coaches and palace cars will be provided for the party, and everything arranged for their comfort and enjoyment.


AN OLD AND WELL-TRIED REMEDY.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for children teething, has stood the test of thirty years. Millions of mothers can testify that it is reliable and perfectly safe in all cases. Relieves the child from pain, softens the gums, regulates the bowels, gives an infant troubled with colic pains, quiet sleep, and its parents unbroken rest.

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Remember that we send specimen copies *free and postage paid*, to any address sent us for that purpose, and we respectfully request our readers to send us the name of any of their friends who are not now subscribers and who they think would like to examine the BLADE. Send the names from as many different Post Offices as possible.

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The Best Reading Matter at the Lowest Prices.

**OUR REVISED CLUBBING LIST FOR 1871.**

We ask the attention of our readers who want to take other papers and magazines in connection with the BLADE, to the following list by which they can secure the leading publications of the country at greatly reduced rates. In making this proposition we only stipulate that we must receive at the same time one subscriber for the BLADE for each copy of any other publication ordered from this list. They need not both be sent to the same person, nor even to the same Postoffice, and in renewing their subscriptions, old as well as new ones, subscribers may avail themselves of the offer:

MONTHLIES.

*The Atlantic Monthly*, price $4.00 a year and the BLADE both one year for $4.50.
*Scribner's Monthly*, price $3.00, and the BLADE both one year for $4.25.
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*Our Young Folks*, price $2.00 and the BLADE both one year for $3.00.
*Godey's Lady's Book*, price $3.00, and the BLADE both one year for $4.00.
*Arthur's Home Magazine*, price $2.00, and the BLADE both one year for $3.00.
*The Little Corporal*, price $1.50, and the BLADE both one year for $2.50.
*The Nursery*, price $1.50, and the BLADE both one year for $2.50.
*American Agriculturist*, price $1.50, and the BLADE both one year for $2.75.
*American Farm Journal*, price 75 cents, and the BLADE both one year for $2.25.
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WEEKLIES.

*Harper's Weekly*, price $4.00, and the BLADE both one year for $4.75.
*Harper's Bazar*, price $4.00 and the BLADE both one year for $4.75.
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*New York Sun*, price $1.00, and the BLADE both one year for $2.50.

Our agents everywhere are authorized to receive subscriptions at the above rates.

## Correspondence.

## Wanderings in the West.

### NO. I.

WHERE IS THE WEST?—A CALIFORNIAN TRYING TO FIND IT—CHICAGO AND ST. LOUIS—NATURAL WEALTH OF MISSOURI—SHIFTLESS FARMING—A DEMORALIZED YANKEE—A STRIKING CONTRAST—THE ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC RAILROAD—ITS LANDS AND WHAT THEY ARE GOOD FOR.

Editorial correspondence of the Blade.

SPRINGFELD, MISSOURI, May 20th, 1871.

DEAR BLADE:—It was an Englishman, I think, who, after making a tour of the United States remarked that "Heaven itself would have no charms for an American if he thought there was any place farther west." Since the time the Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock this great movement westward has been going on; and as we have made advancement in facilities for transportation and communication between the distant portions of our country, it has increased in a rapidly augmenting ratio. It is but a few years since all the emigration was done in wagons. A man resolving to go west would load his family and such household goods as were indispensable into a two-horse wagon, with no protection from the weather but a cover of cotton cloth, and then setting his face toward sunset and cutting loose from nearly all communication with old friends, would boldly push out into that then *terra incognita*—the west. From New York or Pennsylvania it was then a tedious, tiresome journey of weeks or months to Ohio, Indiana, Michigan or Illinois, while the region west of the Mississippi was almost as unknown as Central Africa is to us to day.

There are thousands of families in the west now who came to it in this way—bringing all their earthly possessions in a two-horse wagon, and the wagon was not heavily loaded at that. The life they thus entered upon was a hard one, and of course some failed when the trials came, as men always have and always will. But those who had the nerve and the perseverance to fight out the battle generally did well, and many of them are living still in the enjoyment of the rich fruits of their early labors and privations—surrounded by their magnificent estates and in the enjoyment of every comfort heart could wish for. I always feel like taking off my hat to these people whenever I meet them.

How different the journeys of those pioneers from those we make now! For instance, I left Toledo at twelve o'clock Monday night, spent a day in Chicago, a day and a night in St. Louis, and was here—nearly eight hundred miles from home—for supper Thursday evening.

And thus the emigrant of to-day also travels. Instead of packing a few indispensable household goods into a wagon, he now places not only the indispensable, but the comforts and the luxuries of his old home, upon the cars, and in fewer days than it used to require weeks is landed at his new home in the west. And when there he finds himself not cut off, as the pioneer used to be, from all communication with the friends he has left behind, for the lightning will carry a message back to them in an instant, and the mails in a few days.

"Going west" has come to be a very indefinite sort of term. The New Englander thinks it means to go to Ohio or to Michigan; the people of Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, &c., think it means Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, Minnesota; here, near the western boundary of Missouri, they think it means the Rocky Mountains and beyond, and only a few days before I left home we actually received at the BLADE office a letter from an enterprising fellow in California enclosing a stamp for our circular of information to those who contemplate going west. If I had had a copy of a Chinese or Japanese newspaper I should have sent him that as probably containing the information he wanted.

I shall not attempt to write up either Chicago or St. Louis, further than to say that both are wonderful cities—which remark I claim no copyright on. Possibly some of my readers have heard it before. Chicago is nervous, restless, enterprising, and so full of electrical vitality as to affect every one who comes within its limits. It is every way a fast city, and you could hardly "go slow" there if you tried. I was talking about this characteristic of Chicago to a citizen of St. Louis yesterday.

"Yes," he replied, "Chicago is a fast place. The people there walk fast, talk fast, live fast and die fast. And after death," he continued, "*I* have no desire to follow them."

St. Louis seems a slower place than Chicago. People go more deliberately about everything they do. They walk and talk with a complacent, contented sort of air that is refreshing to one who loves to see people satisfied with themselves and their surroundings. But, though somewhat slow, St. Louis is very sure, and, without making much noise or fuss about it, has made astonishing progress, especially in the last ten years. When the census was taken last year, I am inclined to think that her people were as much surprised as anybody else to find their number rolling up 312,000. Especially did Chicago feel as if she had "heard somethin' drap," and maliciously replied to this showing of her long-time rival that "St. Louis gathered up all the old hotel registers in the city and copied the names into her census report." But I think any one who will spend a day or two looking about the city will be satisfied that the census was at least as honestly taken as was that of Chicago.

Nature has done everything to make Missouri an immensely rich and prosperous State. In natural resources I think it is the richest State in the Union, and but for the blighting curse of slavery that rested upon it for over forty years, I think it would have to-day twice the population and five times the wealth it has. And although slavery has been blotted out, its effects still linger and may be seen almost everywhere in the slipshod farming and general shiftlessness, especially in the country and small villages.

Coming down on the train yesterday I got into conversation with an intelligent citizen of Rolla, and drew him out on this subject. Passing a small station around which had collected about the usual number of seedy loafers "to see the train come in" he remarked:

"Look at those fellows. Now, they'll spend half their time loafing around this station, and then make their wives and daughters help them put in and cultivate their crops. If it hadn't been for slavery we'd have had a different class of people in here, and if these fellows *had* come they'd have to work or starve, or get out. Public sentiment, in four cases out of five, would have made men of them. Now if a man who knows better does come among them he is in danger of falling into their ways."

"Do you see that cabin over there," continued he, "well, that man came from York State just after the war and bought that eighty acres. He knew how to farm, and might have done well, but he soon fell into the habits of his neighbors and now is just as lazy and shiftless a cuss as any of them."

The cabin and all its surroundings were proof of the truth of what he said.

Some distance further on my friend called my attention to a striking contrast. On one side of the road was a cabin in the midst of a little "clearing." All the surroundings were in a state of general dilapidation. A woman and a small boy were hoeing in the field. Nearly opposite, and some distance back from the road, stood a neat and comfortable house, surrounded by good fences and well-tilled fields.

"These two men," said my companion, "came here about the same time, and with about the same amount of money. One knows how to work, and does it; the other knows how well enough but won't do it. And you see how they have come out the end of five years."

After all it was but the same old story that has its duplicate in every neighborhood.

But I was speaking of the great natural wealth of Missouri. Its valleys are rich and fertile, and its hills and mountains rich with minerals. Among the latter are granite, marble, limestone, nickle, zinc, copper, silver, lead, coal and iron. Copper has been found in fifteen counties, coal in more than thirty. One bed of cannel coal is *said* to be 45 feet thick, which story I must be allowed to take with a reasonable amount of allowance. Lead has been found in 20 counties, and its veins are said to run through an area of 5,000 square miles. But iron is the leading metal of Missouri. The supply of this ore is inexhaustible. The Iron Mountains and the Pilot Knob are known as the greatest iron features on this continent. To men of capital these immense mineral fields offer tempting inducements.

But I am writing principally for men who are not capitalists, except in so far as industry, energy and intelligence make them such. What has Missouri to offer to these?

I came here from St. Louis over the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, formerly the South Pacific, running in a general southwesterly direction to Seneca, on the line between Missouri and the Indian Territory. It has a land-grant of fifteen miles on each side of its track. The road from St. Louis to Springfield runs through a very broken, rough country, but thinly settled. The soil is thin, and of course, not adapted to growing of grain. Fruit does well, and I saw many very thrifty young orchards. It is especially adapted to grape culture, and many vineyards are being started. Those that have come into bearing have produced enormous crops of as fine grapes as ever were grown.

But I think the principal business of this portion of the State—aside from its mineral resources—will eventually be stock growing. A Kentuckian with whom I rode some distance yesterday, and who has tried it, says this land, it cleared of the underbrush, takes almost as readily to blue grass and clover as the celebrated blue grass region of his State. Sheep raising especially ought to prove a very profitable business in this section. I noticed in many places yesterday that the grass stood more than a foot in height.

What this region needs more than anything else is enterprise. Many of those rich and beautiful farms along the Michigan Southern Road, had not originally any better soil than this. *That* by intelligent, well-directed culture has been made what we see it to-day, while *this* is a wild, unimproved waste. The enterprise that made a garden of *that* region might do the same for *this*.

The Railroad Company is offering its lands on easy terms. The price is from $3 to $10 per acre, and any reasonable length of time is given for payment, the interest and a small portion of the principal being payable annually. There is also a good deal of government land convenient to the Railroad subject to homestead entry.

While I do not recommend this land to those who wish to make grain growing their principal business, I have no doubt it can be made highly profitable for stock raising.

Here, and indeed anywhere, I would recommend settlements in colonies. If no more more than a dozen families acquainted with each other join together in a colony they insure to themselves a good community, congenial society and many other advantages.

Springfield is an old town, surrounded by a fine country, and does a fair business for an inland town. Our readers will remember that it was a point of some interest during the war. It was the scene of ZAGONYI's celebrated charge in which with less than 200 Union cavalrymen he routed and sent flying all over southwestern Missouri 2,500 well-armed rebel infantry, and then left the town in charge of about a dozen of his "Dutchmen," who held it four days until FREMONT sent in reinforcements.

The people had the good sense two or three years ago to elect a former Onionn, Colonel WM. E. GILMORE, mayor, and he has made his mark in sundry valuable improvements. Some years more of the same kind of administration are still sadly needed, for the town is "beautiful for situation" but for that only.

I leave in the morning for the Indian Territory, whence my next letter will be written.

A. P. M.

## Washington Letters.

THE TREATY RATIFIED.—THE GREAT CONVENTION OF CHRISTIAN YOUNG MEN—THE INDIANS.

WASHINGTON, May 25, 1871.

The Senate, after a continuous session of 13 hours, finally ratified the treaty last night without amendment. It is understood that one of Mr. Sumner's proposed amendments came nearest to adoption and only failed by 4 votes. The final vote was, ayes 50, noes 12; the minority being Casserly, Cooper, Corbitt, Davis, Hamilton of Texas, Kelley, Saulsbury, Sprague, Stevens, Stockton, Tipton and Neckers, four of them Republicans. Minister Schenck will carry out the ratified treaty, leaving New York to-day in the detained steamer. The importance of this great work cannot be over estimated, as it means 'peace and good will" between the two great English speaking nations of the Globe, and new ties of commercial and social interest, which can hardly fail to increase in strength as the world grows older.

The Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association came together yesterday in great strength, and commanded the attention and respect of all classes.—Such a body of enthusiastic, intelligent, earnest business men, with no professional interests, no selfish objects, to call them together, might well awaken public attention. The meeting was called to order by J. C. McLean, the former President, who is from Canada, and of course, a British subject; and in his opening speech he called attention to the fact that the day was the anniversary of the Queen's birth. The announcement was hailed with a long continued encore, which was repeated with variations when he referred further to the treaty negotiated by the High Commission and the interest taken in it by his Queen, and the distinguished President of the United States; and especially, when he suggested that it would be, like the proclamation of the angels, a guarantee of *peace on earth and good will to men*.

The permanent President, John Wanamaker, is a young man from Philadelphia, in a large and prosperous business, who has been very active in the Association and showed great familiarity with its affairs. In the afternoon Secretary Delano appeared before the Convention with the Indian chiefs, who are just now the guests of the nation. The Secretary made an impressive address, brief and to the point, and then one of the chiefs was heard through an interpreter, and his speech excited great interest. It was a little complaining and saucy, but smart and pointed and waked up the House. Stewart, of Philadelphia, got a round of applause for the President when, drawn out by the scene, he said that one of the first things that the President said to him after his election was that, with all his anxieties, he should have the satisfaction of *doing justice to the Indians*.

At the meeting of welcome, in the Congregational Church, last night, the President appeared on the stand and was hailed with enthusiasm which his presence might be expected to awaken. Secretary Delano was also present and made an admirable speech and the scene throughout the evening was one of glowing enthusiasm, and deep religious interest. To-day no audience room in Washington will be large enough to hold the crowds that will desire to be present at the proceedings.

The Indians, who are the guests of the nation, are a coarse and hard party, but elicit much curiosity among the strangers now in our city. They have visited all our principal places of interest, had interviews with Secretary Delano, Commissioner Parker and the President, and "done" the public buildings.

Buffalo Good, the chief of the Wachitas, is a large, bony, powerful man, of middle age, and a decided friend of the whites. He says he wants a good many things that he has seen since he left the plains; He likes wash-bows with pitchers so that he won't have to go through the mud to the creek to wash; and he don't object to railroads. He says he was raised on horse-back, and always thought a horse was the best thing a man could have; but the horse was nowhere by the side of the chew! chew! chew! wagon, which outruns the horse, and gives the rider a chance to sleep while he goes.

Little Raven is older and has a wrinkled but intelligent face. He says he has been foolish and didn't believe the whites had so many people. He says that he wants to see all that he can before he goes back.

Little Robe is a demure looking fellow, but has a history that shows how much his looks decieve. He has killed no less than 36 warriors in single combat and boasts that he was never beaten but twice, and one of these triumphs was achieved by Custer. He says he has made up his mind to stop fighting.

Little Raven is more friendly than the others, and much disposed to be pleased at everything. He said he felt good to meet his white brethren, and felt good over their kind treatment. He wants the soldiers to stay and keep out intruders, and since he has held so many talks with the great men in Washington, feels that he has a home, and shall take back good news to his people.

The Indians all talk of having been plundered and wronged, but will go back with better dispositions towards us. Stone Calf said he had heard a good deal which was said to be Washington, but he now knew it to be lies. He wants the settlements to stop where they are, and boundaries to be defined, so that the Indians may know who are intruders.

BUCKEYE.

THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL CONVENTION OF YOUNG MEN—THE VOTE FOR THE TREATY.

WASHINGTON, May 27, 1871.

There is one thing, at least, which the churches may learn to their advantage from the meetings and Conventions of the Young Men's Christian Associations, and that is promptness. The one thing, above all others, which characterizes all their movements is business promptness. The chairman has it in his gavil, the members are trained to it, and every moment of time is used as if it was precious. With them 9 o'clock does not mean half an hour later, nor any margin of time beyond the actual moment. When the time arrives everything is ready and the work in hand proceeds. In speaking or praying the members do not begin with an exordium, but drive at the point in hand at once. If the chair gives out a hymn there is no waiting for the tuning fork or the "pitch," but some sweet singer "pitches in" before the words of the chair are fully spoken and before the congregation rises; and, in a moment, the volume of voice spreads, as by inspiration, and before the audience has gained its feet the room seems too small to contain the waves of joyous sound that go up from a thousand voices. So in speaking, in prayer, in the transaction of business, the understanding is that every moment is to be be improved; and if any man fails to come to time, another must be ready to step in his place and carry out the programme without hesitation or apology.

It is to this admirable promptness that the spirit of these meetings is largely due; and the wonderful contrast which it presents to the drony, drowsy, spiritless proceedings of an ordinary prayer meeting must strike every one familiar with church life in America. A hundred years ago John Wesley organized his societies precisely on the methods adopted by these young men, and the great reformation which was began and prosecuted under his executive supervision owes its success to these masterly methods. But the churches refused to learn anything of Methodism, because it was poor and despised and under censure.

But the case is different with these young men; and it is to be hoped that the steady-going and respectable congregations which are languishing for the lack of an element recognized as necessary to the success of all business operations, will learn a lesson from them which they much need to know. Their promptness, energy and enthusiasm imply an earnest purpose; and as they have also cultivation and ability, they carry with them a force which it is not easy to resist and which cannot fail to make its way.

The meetings of the convention continue to be crowded, and even the great heat of the weather—the thermometer is at 90°—does not deter the waiting crowds from constantly seeking their ministrations. The other night when they visited the White House to pay their respects to President Grant they went from the Congregational Church, after the evening services. The Chairman announced the programme from his desk, and the members, agreeable to orders, fell into a regular procession and marched on with the presiding officer at their head. But to go in silence would not accord with their habits or the earnestness of their calling; and so they broke out into song, and all along the line, for near half a mile, the streets were vocal with delicious music.

At the meeting, before the visit to the President, General Fish had occasion to introduce a delegate from London. His address was brief, but he found time to refer to the war, to the injustice which we thought we had received from England, to the treaty just concluded, which he believed was the promise of better days, and to the two flags whose folds were entwined gracefully against the wall, and which he hoped would never be arrayed against each other in the smoke of the battle-field. When he had concluded and made his presentation, the delegate was informed by the Chair that he would have two or three minutes to reply. He stepped forward to the front and brought down the House, when, with a ghastly expression of countenance, he exclaimed: "Two or three minutes! For all I have to say—two or three minutes!" But the "two or three minutes" had to suffice.

So, yesterday, after the order of resolutions had transpired, a dilatory member came forward, out of time, with a resolution which he desired to present. The chairman suggested that the time for resolutions had passed; but the member persisted and commenced to read, when the whole audience broke out into music, and the voice of praise went up and the resolution went down. The question of order was solved.

The convention will remain here over the Sabbath, and go on Monday, in two steamers, down the river to Mt. Vernon. Quite a large number will also go down to Norfolk in the steamer on Monday night, after their return from Mt. Vernon.

The Senate is still pondering over the purloined treaty, and cannot come to an agreement as to what is to be done with the recusant witnesses. The bar of secrecy has not been removed from the proceedings respecting the treaty, and there is a disagreement as to the members that voted no. The latest bulletin is that the Republicans were: Carpenter, Sprague and West, of Louisiana, and that the Democrats were: Casserly, the two Davises, Kelly of Oregon, Saulsbury, Stevenson, Stockton, Thurman and Vickers. This puts the strength of the Democratic members against the treaty. The Democratic members who voted in favor are said to be Bayard of Delaware, and Hamilton of Maryland. Blair was paired, and did not vote. Sumner's amendment to strike out the 2nd article had a strong vote, but came short of a majority. Mr. Sumner, as I told you he would, voted for the treaty.

BUCKEYE.

For the Toledo BLADE.

## Toledo and Chicago.

In my article comparing the relative claims to future preeminence of these cities, I failed to mention the superiority of the former, in variety of outline of its surroundings, embracing as it does elevated river shores and a charming mingling of land and water views afforded by the islands and projecting headlands of the end of Lake Erie. The islands are our parks, for summer enjoyment. The shores of river, bay and lake afford ground for avenues of great beauty and extent. An elevated avenue between this and Maumee and Perrysburg, and down on the other side to East Toledo, would afford a pleasure drive of rare beauty—nearly all the way overlooking the harbor. Art is working miracles for Chicago. Uniting equal art with our more favoring topography, we may have a superiority in beauty and utility which cannot be matched by any amount of outlay of money and taste expended by the Lake City. Very bold and striking is the broad expanse of water on one side and the flat, extended prairie, on the other side of the city of Lake Michigan, but no green island or cultivated shore greets the eye looking lakeward, or any variety of surface looking in any other direction. Monotony, on all sides monotony. And yet, the public spirit of that wonderful city is working out great beauty in various ways. Its people have strong faith in its future, and they work together to make it what they desire it to be. They are making avenues and parks which promise to rival those of our oldest and richest cities. By making it beautiful they draw to it, for residence, men of wealth and taste who aid materially in its progress. If we have the faith in our future which is due to our position, we shall imitate our western sister, by legislation favoring plans for giving beauty to our city. First. To remove unsightly objects, and then to provide pleasure grounds for recreation and amusement. It is not too early to purchase ground for one large park and provide an avenue to it from the city. Our present city council is not made of the kind of stuff of that which rejected the offer of Judge Swayne for the sale of his forty-three acres for $40,000 in city bonds, and the offer of the block northwest of the High school. It is composed, it seems to me, of much of our best material, and, from its action, we may reasonably hope it will do much to advance our city, in all ways, within its proper sphere of action.

J. W. S.

## Miscellany.

### Killing of an Estimable Young Woman—Her Brother Accused of the Crime.

NORTH PLATT, May 10.—About a week ago it was rumored that certain parties were about to jump a claim belonging to Miss Kate Manning, which coming to her ears, she procured a tent, and, fitting it up, resolved to hold it by possession. Monday evening she took up her residence there and proposed to spend the night. Since that time she has never been seen alive by her friends. As she did not return as expected on Tuesday morning, her friends became alarmed and sent a messenger to learn the cause of her absence. On arriving upon the premises he was horrified by the discovery of the dead body of Miss Manning, lying about one hundred yards from the tent, and covered with blood. He hurried back to town and told the terrible news. In a short time a large crowd had gathered around the scene of the tragedy. On examination it was found that the murdered woman's death was caused by two pistol shots; either would have proved fatal. One bullet passed completely through the body, above the left breast. The other passed through her head. There was evidence of a fearful struggle, and Miss Manning, being a strong and courageous woman, must have made a desperate resistance. From the appearance of the tent it seems that the murderer must have gained access to the interior before being discovered, when, being awakened, the poor girl must have sprung up, and discharged her revolver at the intruder, as she had one of Colt's make with her, and knew how to use it. It was found in the tent with three chambers empty. The assassin evidently seized her first by the wrist, and then by the throat, as the finger-marks on both showed, and then struck her on the head with his own pistol, and after stunning her, placed a pistol to her breast and fired, the clothing being singed. The woman must have then broken away, and ran to where the body was found, and then fell, when the miscreant placed the pistol to her head and shot her as she lay. A search was at once instituted, and three men living on an adjoining claim were arrested, but nothing could be proved against them. By examining the ground closely a track was found where the murderer had stolen up to the rear of the tent bare-footed, and went from the same in an opposite direction. This was followed about half a mile, when it appeared that boots or shoes were put on. The track was then followed to the town. It was observed that in the bare track there was a peculiarity about one foot, it being misshapen. From circumstances not necessary to relate, suspicion at last fell upon a brother of the deceased, and he was arrested, when it was found that his foot fitted the track precisely, and one was malformed. He was known to have come to town about eleven o'clock at night, and returned about daylight. From these facts and previous threats it seems conclusive that he is the author of the damning deed. This is all that can be learned at the present writing. The murdered woman was a most estimable lady, and her death has cast a gloom over the whole community. No cause can be assigned for the murder, unless it was perpetrated to receive a certain property possessed by the deceased.—*Correspondence Omaha Herald.*

### Dog Against Dog.

Mr. Snapp, a blacksmith, owns two dogs, one a terrier, four or five years old, and the other half shepherd and half cur, about twelve or fourteen years old, and consequently very feeble.

In the winter, between the hours for breakfast and dinner, and dinner and supper, these two dogs may always be seen, perched up just far enough from Mr. Snapp's forge to escape the sparks, but still near enough to keep warm. As soon as the hour for dinner comes—which they know even better than the apprentices in the shop—they are both off at a full run, each aiming to secure a place behind the warm kitchen stove, which is only large enough for one dog at a time. Now, the terrier being the most active, almost always gains the coveted place, leaving the poor old dog out in the cold. Now comes the curious part of the story.

The old dog being thus left out in the cold one bitter day, put himself in a thinking attitude, and set his wits to work to devise some means by which he could get the terrier out of the coveted place. All at once an idea seemed to strike him. Taking advantage of the good watch dog" qualities of the terrier he made a feint toward the garden, barking furiously, as if some one was intruding at that point; when, true to his nature, out popped the terrier, not to make a feint, but to make a pell-mell rush to the extreme end of the garden, pushing the old schemer just outside the kitchen door, who no sooner saw the terrier enter the garden than he popped too, not into the garden, but behind the warm kitchen stove, curled himself up, and waited, with a cunning twinkle of his eye, for his young friend, who no sooner made his appearance, and seeing the situation, than he tried exactly the same stratagem with the old dog with as little success as if he had tried to fly. Finding that to fail so signally, he in turn put his wits to work.

After disappearing in the garden for a few moments, he made his appearance right in front of the kitchen door, with a large bone in his mouth, and set to work on it as if he was enjoying it hugely.

Now, what dog could resist such a tempting sight? At least the old fellow behind the stove could not, it is plain, for, sneaking cautiously out of his snug retreat, he made a sudden dash for the coveted bone, which he secured very easily—to the surprise of all, for a few minutes only as the mystery was soon cleared up: for no sooner had he possessed himself of what he soon found to be nothing but an old dry bone that had both gnawed a hundred times, than the young rascal had secured the good warm retreat behind the stove—which he certainly deserved after displaying so much cunning—leaving the poor old fellow out again in the cold, there to contemplate the old proverb, "It takes a thief to catch a thief."

Three gentlemen of New York were recently out on a trouting and hunting excursion, and without thought of the possible peril to themselves, ventured to enjoy the scene of the forests on fire, the mountain holocaust, in the upper counties in the vicinity of the Hudson river. They were wrapped in wonder, until the sharp crackling of the fire at their feet startled them. One glance sufficed to show that they were actually hemmed in with fire. With feelings of terror they hurried away, and by frequently rolling themselves in the mud and water, and prostrating themselves for cool air, they ran the awful gauntlet, and emerged into the green fields and fresh air. Their hair and garments, however, bore evidence of the intense heat through which they had passed. Mountain residents informed these tourists that at least three cabins, inhabited by families, were in ashes, and no tidings had been obtained of the fate of the people occupying them.

A clergyman of Cairo, Ill., expressed lately his contempt of nickels in his Sunday collection, and positively forbade any of his congregation from contributing anything under the denomination of five cents. "Save your cents," said the good man, "until you have five, before you put your hands in this box. The widow's mite business is played out here."


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References—Maj. Gen. D. Hunter, U. S. A., Washington, D. C.; Hon. J. S. Negley, Pittsburg, Pa.; First National Bank, Hagerstown, Md.; Alleman & Co., Bankers, Hagerstown, Md.; R. J. Brent, late Atty Gen'l Baltimore.

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TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, JUNE 8, 1871.

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## THE DUTY OF PATRIOTIC MEN.

Parties, like individuals, have a distinct character by which they are to be identified and judged. They have an *animus* which determines what their ultimate action and general influence on the world shall be. Individuals die and are soon forgotten—something of their influence goes down the stream of time, but soon ceases to be identified with its sources, but a party abides, often, from generation to generation. It is a center of certain ideas and interests, and large organizations seldom wholly lose the type of the ideas and influences which originally gave them their being and their force.

In England the monarchists were silent, submissive, and seemingly satisfied with the government of CROMWELL during the Protectorate. The partisans of the STUARTS, if they came to the surface at all, did it with the fairest assurances to the world that they "accepted the situation," and that it was not in all their thoughts to attempt the recall the STUARTS to take the government again. We know how it was in France. In the time of the First Napoleon the Bourbons, Orleanists and Republicans were quiet, submissive and seemingly loyal. But the changes which have taken place within the memory of men now living have successively placed the government of France in the hands of each of these contending and ever hostile parties.

In the hearts of the more positive and controlling men of each of these parties is a feeling and a latent purpose which only requires a favorable occasion to leap forth into vigorous action. It is a concealed but ever real force which must be met and dealt with by movers in the affairs of government. These forces do not always profess their identical principles; hence the great danger that nations may lose their liberties before they are aware that they are in danger. LOUIE NAPOLEON gained a residence in France, a seat in the National Assembly, and finally the Presidency of the Republic, under the profession of being a Republican. Discerning men knew that every BONAPARTE alive was an Imperalist and only needed opportunity to do it safely to seize the helm with his own hand, and install himself in the position of an absolute despot. But all men are not discerning. There are many who are swayed by passing gusts of excitement, by passing prejudices of the hour, and imposed on by the false professions and crafty appliances of the designing. In a Republic every year a mass of new voters come into the use of the franchise who have not the advantage of the experience their fathers had. A party in power in the exercise of its powers and the bestowal of its favors or the withholding of them makes opponents and becomes weak through schism. Hence the day and the hour came in England when the monarchists could come forth from their enforced retirement, when their suggestions, at first moderately made, that Charles the Second should take the throne again, became an imperative and irresistible demand, and they again came into power to make their former rulers feel the power of their vengeance as their servants and victims. So now we see the Orleanists of France compelling the National Assembly to debate the propriety of their return to power.

For years the politics of the United States, whatever outward shape they may have taken, have been divided and agitated by the contest between the once slave-holding oligarchy of the South and the free sentiment of the nation. The oligarchy had its seat in the South. It was and is a comparatively small, but compact, intelligent, resolute and determined body of men. Its aims were well defined and they were subjected to no internal feuds or divisions as to the interests they had in common. They were influential far beyond what their numbers, or even wealth, would entitle them to be. But they had power and they knew how to use it. And such was their intrigue, craft, cunning, and daring that before the good friends of the Union could be made to take warning, they had bound the Union men of the South hand and foot, declared war on the Union, and led the nation to the very verge of a yawning gulf of ruin.

This oligarchy, thanks to a favoring Providence, and the patriotism of the American people, were defeated in their appeal to the sword, and for a season have concealed their ultimate aims with so little skill and shrewdness, that they have made but slow progress toward regaining political control of the country. But let no man be deceived. That oligarchy is not disbanded. It is still a living, active, insatiable force in American politics. The grand defeat at Gettysburg did not exterminate it, nor did the surrender at Appomattox subdue its malignant and treacherous spirit. The victorious nation gave the blacks their liberty and the right to vote, but they left the rebels in full possession of all their lands, and the landless blacks wholly dependant on their former masters for the shelter which protects their heads and the bread which is to sustain their lives. True, the Constitution says the blacks may vote, *if they can.* But even the Republican party, unduly careful of infringing on State Rights and of aggravating a conquered foe, has taken the arms out of the black man's hands, wherewith he might have defended himself. The slave aristocracy has lost its slave aristocracy has lost its slave property, but not the power to compel the negro to submit to their demands. It chafes impatiently in its enforced retirement, and nurses its malignity until the day when the people shall so far forget themselves as to give it opportunity to strike with the mailed hand. As Napoleon the Third made France believe in him as a Republican so as to elect him to her Executive chair, and as he made that chair the stirrup on which to place his foot in order to vault into dictatorial power, so the treasonable oligarchy of the South seek through the Democratic party of the United States to lay its hands once more on our government to pervert and destroy or free institutions at its pleasure.

That oligarchy, now, through VALLANDIGHAM, says to the Democratic party: Take a "new departure." As Napoleon swore he would be ever true to the Republic, so swear the Democratic party to be true to the Constitution and the rights of man. As Napoleon gained autocratic power by a false oath to the Republic, so would these traitors to the Constitution now employ the Democratic party of the North, Judas-like, to betray the cause of loyalty and freedom to its enemies with a kiss of seeming loyalty and submission.

The Republican party, whatever its faults may be in other and lesser things, is sincerely loyal and true to the holy cause of freedom and the rights of man. It has in its inmost heart a sincere faith in popular government, and believes in educating the masses of the people, black and white, and in protecting all men in their rights. The Democratic party is governed by an aristocratic oligarchy which by instinct is averse to popular principles. It is no friend to the black race except to make of them hewers of wood and drawers of water; the most abject and helpless of serfs. It has no faith in free education. In the South it is the persecutor of negro teachers and the foe of free schools. The Republican party has made mistakes, and is chargeable with shortcomings, doubtless, but it has never committed crimes against the Constitution and the Union. It has no dagger of "strict construction" sheathed under its robe, as has the Democratic party, to prevent the government from holding the oppressors of mankind in check. It is still the party of freedom and justice and must still command the confidence of all who regard justice and freedom as worthy of protection and defence.

## OHIO DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM.

In the Democratic State Convention on yesterday the "new departure" wing of the party came off the victors, so far as the framing of the platform was concerned. With a rather thin coating of Democratic platitudes about the "extraordinary means" by which the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments became a part of the Constitution, and about adhering to the doctrine of "strict construction," &c., the Convention was brought squarely to the mark of saying that "we recognize as accomplished facts the three amendments to the Constitution recently declared adopted, and recognize the same as no longer political issues before the country." The second resolution limits and qualifies its submission to the inevitable by significant hints that these amendments must not be allowed to have "altered or modified the original theory and character of the Federal Government," yet it concludes by pledging the Democratic party "to the full, faithful and absolute enforcement of the Constitution as it now is, so as to secure equal rights to all persons under it without distinction of race, color or condition."

This sounds to us a good deal as did the rather equivocal pledge we once heard a rather feeble convert make in a religious meeting. After a pretty free acknowledgment of the weakness of his previous moral determinations he wound up by saying: But now, brethren, I am fully resolved to serve God, *if nothing happens!*" It by dextrous handling of the old State Rights heresies, and so-called "strict construction" theories these amendments come to nought, or are rendered nugatory in their operation, the Democracy are at their liberty to do their best to carry out the ideas which still hold the ruling place in their hearts. Precious little the old oligarchy of the South care for Democratic vows of fidelity to the Constitution or submission to the inevitable, if they can, under Democratic protection once more, nurse their treasonable brat "State Rights" into good fighting condition.

"When the devil was sick, he a saint would be;
When he got well, the devil a saint was he."

The experiment which the Democratic party of Ohio is trying is not altogether a new one. When tried before it proved fatal to the party which adopted it as an experiment to prolong its national life. In 1852 when the Democratic party had been fully committed to opposition to all agitation of the Slavery question, to the catching of fugitive slaves, and the other pro-slavery measures of the period, the Whig party sought Southern votes by adopting the same creed on the Slavery question its opponent had done. When this was done the South chuckled.

They knew that the platform belied the hearts and consciences of northern whigs, but they knew also that they had clouded their hostility of its moral power by the concession it was compelled to make. The South could trust Democratic candidates, and could and would not trust the Whigs. Hence it applauded the Whigs with lying and flattering words, but gave the power of the government to the Democrats. Had the Whig party of that day made a square fight against the pro-slavery, cringing, unpatriotic, servile policy of the Democracy of that day, it would have made a manly, gallant, vigorous canvass, and perhaps have gained a national victory. At all events it would have entered on a new life by meeting squarely the evils and heresies of the day, and would have occupied in history the proud place the Republican party does to-day. By adopting the enemy's creed it stripped itself of all moral power—it conceded the correctness of the position of the pro-slavery Democracy—it was compelled to apologize for its own existence and ask leave to live on the strength of the most trivial and subordinate issues, which one party could take care of about as well as another. Therefore it only remained for the party to abandon its organization and give way to a new party energized with a different spirit.

The Whigs of the North tried to fight for the candidates while "spitting" on the platform. Never was there a sadder sight than a Whig orator wrestling with the difficulties of the situation. He felt that his party was like a cake unturned and half baked. He could not fight the enemy without shooting his own allies or wounding himself.

This is precisely the position of the Ohio Democracy to-day. They concede that the Republican party has engraved its holy principles on the enduring tablets of history; that it has given shape and beauty to the government it never had before; and ill-concealed as is its hatred of the work we have done—and doubtful and ambiguous as are the terms of submission; it now agrees not to disturb the work which gave it greatest offence, if the country will once more trust it with power. It will serve God, if it cannot serve the devil to better advantage.

We cheerfully go to the fight with the Democracy of Ohio on its "new departure." Its new ground, is morally weaker than its old one. The 196 delegates who followed the lead of Mr. FRANK HURD of this city in protesting against the "new departure" express the views of the real and hearty workers of the Democratic party. They voted as they felt which more than half of the majority did not. The country will judge the party by its acts and not by its professions. Those who really want the amendments sustained will vote for the men who always have been true to the just and holy principles they express and not to those who have fought most bitterly, but fruitlessly, to condemn them to everlasting disgrace and defeat.

## HORACE GREELEY ON TEXAS.

The delicate flatteries of certain Southern gentlemen, and the high compliment of certain Kansas politicians in associating Mr. GREELEY'S name with the Republican nomination for the Presidency have, we fear, given his mind a conservative direction for the rest of his days. Other statesmen and philosophers have suffered in like manner from the same causes. It not only affects the shape and color of their theories, but also their moral and ocular perceptions. We can all remember how HENRY CLAY, DANIEL WEBSTER, MILLARD FILLMORE, and men of less renown, were led in old age to contradict the glorious antecedents of their youth which made them illustrious, by the glamour of Presidential illusions. HORACE GREELEY was so familiar with the warnings given by these cases that we supposed him to be proof against delusions if any man was. But we fear he is going into the ill fated path in which little comfort is found for those who walk therein.

Mr. GREELEY has been in a portion of the State of Texas—in a few of its most prominent and most orderly cities—about a week—long enough, perhaps, to write a book on "What I Know About Texas," but hardly long enough to be sure of the high civilization and perfect peace of a State which for a long time was the refuge for the rogues of all the rest of the country, and where for years merchants and house-keepers have had to keep revolvers as near their hand, as workmen keep their tools. But he sees as much peace and safety in Texas as northern sycophants used to see fitness moral beauty, and philanthropy in the institution of slavery in their casual visits to the South. In the course of a recent speech at Galveston, Mr. GREELEY said:

> Since I have been in Texas I have repeatedly heard complaints that the people of the north habitually misrepresented the feeling and acts of the southern people, at least that portion of them which does not sympathize with those who at present control the government; that they are generally and systematically belied, that the northern people think Texans a band of outlaws and desperadoes. Such is not my understanding of northern opinion. In the early history of the state doubtless a number of men were attracted hither who could be very well spared at home, and were not particularly welcome here nor elsewhere. Soon after the close of the war complaints were made and believed that the colored people sometimes suffered from their late masters' violence, but we have heard nothing of this for two or three years. I believe at this day not so much violence occurs in Texas as in New York city. Certainly there is not nearly so much said about it. With about equal population in Texas as in New York, there are more desperadoes in that city than in Texas, and it is harder work to manage them. The north does not think Texas a land of bowie knife and pistol. The proof that Texas is good repute is shown by the steady increase in population from other states. There is a great desire to emigrate. In this perhaps Texas is a single exception, without it may be Oregon. Texas alone is rapidly gaining ground. Other states may increase because their losses are replaced by large gains, but Texas does not lose any, one of the reasons for which is that the northern press is just to Texas, and I intend to just to her. All the letters I shall write about her after I leave, will show that such will be my representations, for I can testify that property and life are safe and protected in Texas.

In 1868 Gen. HOWARD made a report, compiled from statements made to or by officers of the government, and sworn to by the parties making them, in which he says:

> A fearful amount of lawlessness and ruffianism has prevailed in Texas during the past year. Armed bands styling themselves Ku-Klux, &c., have practiced barbarous cruelties upon the freedmen. Murders by the desperadoes who have long disgraced this State are of common occurrence. The civil authorities have been overawed, and in many cases even the bureau and military forces have been powerless to prevent the commission of these crimes. From information on file in the offices of the assistant commissioner it appears that in the month of March the number of freedmen murdered was 21; of white men, 15; the number of freedmen assaulted with intent to kill, 11; white men, 7. In July the number of freedmen murdered was 32; white men, 7. It has been estimated by reliable authority that in August, 1868, there were probably five thousand indictments pending in the state for homicide in some of its various degrees, in most cases downright murder. Yet since the close of the war only in one solitary case (that of a freedman who was hung at Houston) has punishment to the full extent of the law been awarded.
>
> In consequence of this condition of affairs a kind of a quiet prevails among the freed people lacking but little in all the essentials of slavery. In the more remote districts, where bureau agents are fifty or one hundred miles apart, and stations of troops still farther distant, freedmen do not dare or presume to act in opposition to the will of their late masters. They make no effort to exercise rights conferred upon them by the acts of Congress, and few even of Union men are brave enough, or rather fool-hardy enough, to advise them in anything antagonistic to the sentiments of the people lately in rebellion.

Mr. HORACE GREELEY has hit upon the device of comparing a whole State with a farming population with the city of New York. He says, as it conclusive of all argument, Texas is as free from violence as New York city. That might be said and no great compliment be paid to either place. New York city is not a fair representative of either the State of New York or of the country at large. Into that great metropolis are poured a vicious emigration from all the centers of crime in the old world. Into certain quarters of that city all kinds of vice, violence and crime congregate and prey upon each other and upon society at large. A seaport metropolis where whole sections are given up to the vicious and degraded, and are as distinctly marked out and separated from the better classes of mankind as it they were districts of perdition itself, has of necessity a great deal of violence within it. If the rural districts—if the country at large has in it proportionally a fractional part of the wickedness of such a cess-pool of moral corruption, it is marked as a place in which good, quiet, thrifty, self-respecting people do not wish to live. If Texas be not a great deal better than some parts of New York it is not a place for for any emigrant to go to. We have alluded to this comparison of New York not because Mr. GREELEY has made it, but because it has often been used by Ku Klux apologists, and its use either by them or Mr. GREELEY is not a fair one. The violence in the great cities has its origin in intemperance, lust or greed of money. Few of the deeds of violence have any connection with politics, and even when they seem to have, politics only furnish the cover in which villany would hide. But in the South the Ku Klux outrages, and the systematic persecution of Republicans, is conducted on principle in order to secure undisputed political domination for the Democratic party all over the South. And this violence will not cease, except under the strong hand of the government until the opponents of Democracy are as completely subdued as the Union men of the South were before and during the rebellion.

We may admit that Texas has improved greatly; and that the attention given, in many localities, to cattle raising and other profitable branches of agriculture, have kept many of her people busy, and thus kept mischief and violence at bay, as busy and occupied people are seldom vicious. We have no disposition to make Texas out worse than it is. But it does seem to us that Mr. GREELEY has borne his gushing testimony too soon. And we prefer to wait to hear from others who can tell something more about Texas before concluding that it is the paradise of the South.

## FARMERS VERSUS SHARPERS.

What was known as the patent roof swindle was practiced on farmers in Ohio until stopped by the Courts. We have not space to give details. Swindles on substantially the same plan are being perpetrated in other Western States, only in this case the farmer takes an agency for farm implements instead of patent roof cement, &c. The farmer is made an agent on flattering terms for farm implements and signs a document like this:

> Manchester, Ia., Feb. 10, 1871.
>
> One year after date, I promise to pay A. STONE or order, Two Hundred and Seventy-Five Dollars for value received at ten per cent per annum, payable at Manchester, Iowa.
>
> JOHN SMITH.
>
> Witness: JOHN DOE.

This seems very fair, but if the paper is cut in two, at the blank space, the left-hand portion becomes a plain note of hand, and is sold by the swindler to some unsuspecting attorney who sues for the amount.

A document prepared in this way was used in the patent roof cases which came before the courts. The farmer signed a plain reading agreement. A few months later he was surprised by the presentation of a note for payment. He could not deny the signature, he could not comprehend how his name became attached, and in this bewilderment, with a sharp attorney threatening to sue, many a man paid the $200, or $300, as the case might be. At last a stand was made and the shrewd men of a jury, leaving the hypothesis of the lawyers, solved the problem, and in every case a verdict was returned in favor of the farmer. At last another step was taken, and the agents were arrested and proceedings instituted against them. This caused a suspension of operations on the part of the swindlers. Farmers will stand on their guard against such transactions. If they are already in deep water, stand up for their rights and turn the tables on the swindling parties.

## BUSINESS OF THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

THE question is frequently asked as to what business will the Northern Pacific Railroad have when completed. The projectors answer that their business will be of two classes, viz: that which now exists, and that which is to be developed. It will be interesting, especially to those who contemplate investing in Northern Pacific bonds, to look for a moment at this business.

First, then, as to the existing business. The road will pass through those regions which now furnish the traffic of the Oregon Steam Navigation Company, which navigates the Lower and Upper Columbia Clark's Fork, Smoke River and Puget Sound, and which last year expended $2,000,000 in the construction of steamers wharves, etc., and paid over a million of dollars dividends in gold. Oregon, Idaho, Washington and Montana furnish this trade, the chief outlet of which must be along the Northern Pacific. The lumber traffic of Puget Sound, as we have heretofore shown, is already large and is destined in a short time to excel that of any region on the globe because of the almost inexhaustable quantity and excellent quality of the timber. There are saw mills on the Sound now which keep from eighteen to twenty schooners occupied in shipping their lumber. A very large portion of this will necessarily go eastward by the road when it is completed.

The Puget Sound fisheries are already known as among the most remarkable on the globe, and are destined to surpass all others when developed. In these fisheries are included the Columbia River salmon and the whale fisheries laying beyond the Sound. The salmon fishing continues nearly the whole year round, the fish coming at different seasons of the year from the ocean and crowding up the river in countless masses to deposit their eggs. Fish weighing seventy pounds are frequently taken. The whaling business is already considerable, Puget Sound being only 18 days from the best ground left to the American harpooners. This must also develop greatly, and it is claimed that the Northern Pacific will change the whaling business of the world. Besides these two chief fisheries, if indeed they are chief, are the cod, hake and halibut fisheries, extending past Alaska and the Aleutian chain of islands, for three thousand miles, destined to rival those of Newfoundland which have for centuries supplied Western and Southern Europe. Much of this immense fish traffic must go east over the Northern Pacific. Besides this, the road will do most of the business now done by the Missouri River steamboats, by the pack animals and wagon trains of the Northwest, and by the government trains which supply twenty-eight northern military posts at a cost of over $6,000,000 per annum. On the Union Pacific the government service is done gratis owing to the government subsidy, and the saving to the government thus far has amounted to millions, but on the Northern Pacific, the government service will be paid for like any other traffic. The mail service of the States and Territories traversed will also be done by the road and ultimately it must carry the Chinese and Japanese mails. This suggests the statement that the through business between Asia and Europe, as well as that between the Atlantic and Pacific on this route, must be done by the road. This must be the case because of its greater shortness, directness and ease of grade. It is 1,607 miles nearer from New York to Shanghai by way of Puget Sound than by way of San Francisco. When the road is completed the Pacific can be reached from New York city in four and a half days. The voyage from Puget Sound to Shanghai will occupy from eighteen to nineteen days, and from London and Paris the entire journey can be made in thirty-two days. The ease of grade is of course due to the lower elevations on the Northern Pacific, and this lower elevation with the Pacific warm currents of both water and air, make the road one which can be used the year round without obstruction. No fact is better established than that the snow-fall is much less on the Northern than on the middle route, and that the climate is more uniformly mild. This greater mildness is due to the reduced elevation above the level of the sea, to the warm ocean currents from the equator and to the river of warm air which flows like the Gulf-stream northward to the sources of the Columbia and Missouri. Thus, although the latitude is from five to six degrees higher, the temperature is uniformly lower. The impression that it must necessarily be cold so far North is due to want of information. When it is known that the general line of the Northern Pacific is 150 miles *south* of the latitude of Paris, it will not appear strange that the climate is mild.

And this suggests the business to be developed. All that we have mentioned as already existing will of course undergo rapid development and continue towards a maximum which will not be reached for a generation or two to come. But a climate so mild and admirably adapted to agriculture must attract immigration rapidly, so that the line of the Pacific road must soon be blossoming with farms for miles deep on each side which will pour over the road an immense volume of grain, cattle, and farm products. It is claimed that the trade in live cattle and refrigerated meat over this line will exceed that of any line in America, for the grass is green the year round and stock can be raised along the route with no expense other than herding. It is perhaps not necessary to state again that the road has a monopoly of railroad lines through the great region which it traverses, so that other roads can only be built as feeders to it. A number of these feeders are already projected, some of them narrow-gauge, and when the narrow-gauge is once an established fact, there will undoubtedly be innumerable lines, like so many railroad rills and creeks, pouring their floods of traffic into the great Northern Pacific river, from all the mountain sides and valleys in an area of over two thousand miles in length and several hundred miles in breadth. But Nature has also helped to give the Northern Pacific a monopoly. British engineers report that the country North of Lake Superior is utterly impracticable for a railroad and consequently the fertile belt of the British Possessions is isolated from Canada. The project of a Pacific Railroad on British soil is therefore impracticable, and the projected road of the Dominion must become a feeder of the Northern Pacific. In short, the Northern Pacific will do the carrying trade between Canada and the British Possessions.


UNTIRING EXERTION can alone render a hotel worthy to be considered first class in this age of progress. The Messrs. RICE, of the AMERICAN HOUSE, BOSTON, have kept this fact constantly in view, and their hotel offers every desirable convenience to travelers.

THRESHING MACHINES.—Read the advertisement of the "Aultman & Taylor Thresher" in another column, and send for their descriptive price-list. This is the grain and time-saving Thresher which has attracted so much attention during the past two or three years.

**Burnett's Cocoaine** is the best Hair-dress ing.


## EDITORIAL NOTES.

DULUTH already gives evidence of being a great grain-shipping city in embryo. The *Tribune* of a recent date states that during the previous week, 144 car loads of wheat, amounting to nearly 50,000 bushels, had been received at the elevator. It also states that flour is arriving at the rate of about 2,000 barrels per day. The railroad has as much traffic as it can carry and boats running to Duluth go both ways heavily laden.

Every spike driven in the Northern Pacific, which is pushing across Minnesota rapidly, must help to increas this business, and when the line is completed across Dakota and the settlers begin to grow wheat on this chief wheat field of the continent, Duluth will have need of a large increase of elevators. All the indications favor the hopes of those who have seen in Duluth the location necessary to a great city. Her growth has been rapid but not spasmodic. Three years ago the population of the place numbered about forty, now it is over five thousand. The number of buildings erected during 1870 was 491, and the amount expended in improvements was over $1,000,000. The business transacted during the year amounted to $5,000,000, and the receipts and shipments by lake and rail reached over 70,000 tons.

A LONDON journal, referring to the fact that the cholera has appeared in Russia and will probably spread over Central Europe, says that the time is not distant when cities will consider it as much of a disgrace to be given over to pestilence as to crime. That time, we judge, is not remote. Pestilence, whether in the form of plague, cholera or yellow fever, is the result of filth, and filth in a community should be as disgraceful as in an individual. It cannot originate in clean cities and populations, and if brought into them from other cities, it can be expelled by rigid sanitary regulations and a remorseless war upon filth in every shape, as New York demonstrated a few years ago. The despatches bring us accounts of the yellow fever pestilence, which is raging in the city of Buenos Ayres. One fact alone accounts for it. The disease is said to have been brought in an emigrant ship from Genoa and Barcelona, but it found at once the pabulum on which to feed and fatten, and therefore ran riot through the city. There is no system of drainage in Buenos Ayres, and for two centuries the waste of the city has been buried in cesspools under the houses. When one sink became full, the mouth was closed up an another pestilence shaft or pit was sunk. The city is, therefore, as a letter-writer says, "honeycombed" with these cesspools. Pestilence is the lash with which Nature scourges men for filthiness. They may in time come to realize that physical cleanness is next to purity of character in the demands of Nature, and act accordingly.

A DESPATCH from Pittston says that the verdict of the Coroner's jury in the cases of those who lost their lives by the coal-mine disaster is that it was caused by inadequate ventilation, and that the mine Inspector is culpable. The calamity reveals an entire disregard of the law enacted for the protection of miners lives after the Avondale disaster. The law, it seems, was framed so as to require two shafts for each mine, but the operators opposed it in this form and secured a compromise upon the English law by which mines which do not work over twenty men are not required to keep open a second shaft. The law further provides that no combustible material should be employed in the shafts or about them. The Pittston mine was one which was limited to twenty men as it had but one shaft, yet the calamity reveals the fact that considerably more than this number were engaged in the mine. The law was violated also in using combustible material in the shaft.

What means can be adopted to compel the companies to an observance of the law, we cannot say. But such an amendment as would compel each company to support for a series of years the families of miners who lose their lives through non-compliance with the law, would be just and might be effective. The law needs amendment in another respect. The outrageous provision which permits the companies to sacrifice twenty men but prohibits the sacrifice of a larger number is simply a concession to the cupidity of the companies. A mining company which is not able to sink two shafts and keep them open, should not be permitted to work a mine. This is a subject which demands the attention not only of the Pennsylvania Legislature but of all States wherein mining operations are carried on. This is especially so in Ohio where the mining interest is undergoing rapid development.

WE learn from the speech of President JEFFERSON DAVIS, (President of an Insurance company,) that we of the North fear and mistrust the South because of our inferiority. We are consumed with jealousy and therefore we persecute the superior South. "Filled with that jealousy which springs from the knowledge of their inferiorty and of the justice of your pretensions, and conscious of broken covenants and a violated constitution," said the bold soldier who buckled on a woman's attire and went forth to make his escape, "they mistrust every movement, and tremble with fear when they think that right may again prevail."

The superiority of the South was apparent in many ways during the war. They excelled us in surrendering, and showed a vast superiority in torturing prisoners of war to death, and in devising schemes for poisoning the water of our cities, and introducing the pestilence among us. Their superiority in assassination and murder is admitted, and we do not pretend to any of that manliness which settles disputes by the savage method of the pistol and the bowie-knife. We are inferior, too, in our methods of dealing with those who differ from us in political sentiment, as we submit in a cowardly way to allow them to live among us instead of driving them out by outrage or destroying their political influence and depriving them of the ballot by hanging them to trees. The South is also fifty years our superior in that conservative spirit which opposes progress whether in ideas or industry, and which consequently clings to the notion that labor is degrading, that Yankee improvements and Yankee industry are inimical to the respectable ignorance and dignity of the South, and that free schools may do for a land of paupers, but not for a state of society so respectable and superior as that of the South. This superiority is apparent to any one who has ever traveled in the South in the shiftlessness of the people and the general absence of those conveniences and improvements which give the Northern workingman the advantage of the Southern millionaire.

WM. C. PRIME, well known to readers of European and oriental travel, has recently written a letter upon short trips to Europe, in which he states that one can make the trip to Berlin, see the capital of the new Germany, and be back at his business in New York in one month. These trips, we judge, will become popular in time, inasmuch as the two sea voyages tend to promote health and repair the waste of business and the heated term. Those who do not wish to go beyond England might spend ten days in London and in runs through the beautiful country regions of the island, and get back to New York in a month.

There are a number of lines by which the trip may be made. The Cunard from New York is considered the best, and round trip tickets for first class passage can be had for $160. The Guion line, from the same port, furnishes cabin passage at the same rate. The Anchor line charges $150 for return cabin tickets. There is a new line, however, which promises to offer the best facilities to those who propose to make the trip from the West. The Allan line from Montreal to Liverpool is now established, and makes nearly three days of the passage through the St. Lawrence and the Gulf, thus reducing the ocean passage to six days. This is at once the shortest and the cheapest route for the West, especially for the lake regions. The Messrs. ALLEN have also established a fortnightly line from Baltimore to Liverpool, with a view to making it a weekly line as soon as practicable, in connection with which they propose to run a line of stermers from Sandusky to Duluth, thus connecting Lake Superior with their Baltimore steamers by means of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Western men can have their choice of routes. Those who want variety and travel chiefly for the pleasure of traveling, will prefer the St. Lawrence and Montreal route, especially in the hot weather.

WHITNEY'S MUSICAL GUEST.—We welcome this excellent Musical Journal to our table as a favored "GUEST," and are happy to announce the receipt of the present number for June. It contains, as usual, an abundance of musical news and choice new music; two instrumental pieces—a waltz and polka; two songs and two Sabbath School choruses, making a sufficient variety to please every lover of music. When so much good music can be obtained at so little cost, certainly no person can deprive themselves of this rich treat. Price, only $1.00 per annum. The publisher is offering the celebrated Beethoven Chromo as a premium to clubs. A specimen copy can be obtained by sending ten cents to W. W. WHITNEY, Toledo, Ohio. Send for it.

The first co-partnership of women to practice law in Kansas is that of Miss Mary Wattles and Mrs. Helen Comb, under the style of Wattles & Comb.

G. W. BYERS, of Nevada, Wyandotte Co., Ohio, produces evidence, in another column, of the superiority of his Berkshire hogs. Read his advertisement.


**To Cure A Cough, Cold or Sore Throat, use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.** nov24w2m-64

## CONSUMPTION!
## ITS CURE AND ITS PREVENTIVE.

BY J. H. SCHENCK, M. D.

Many a human being has passed away for whose death there was no other reason than the neglect of known and indisputably proven means of cure. Those near and dear to family and friends are sleeping the dreamless slumber into which, had they calmly adopted

**DR. JOSEPH H. SCHENCK'S SIMPLE TREATMENT,**

and availed themselves of his wonderfully efficacious medicines, they would not have fallen.

Dr. Schenck has in his own case proved that wherever sufficient vitality remains, that vitality, by his medicines and his directions for their use, is quickened into healthful vigor.

In this statement there is nothing presumptuous. To the faith of the invalid is made no representation that is not a thousand times substantiated by living and visible works. The theory of the cure by Dr. Schenck's medicines is as simple as it is unfailing. Its philosophy requires no argument. It is self-assuring, self-convincing.

The Sea-weed Tonic and Mandrake Pills are the first two weapons with which the citadel of the malady is assailed. Two thirds of the cases of consumption originate in dyspepsia and a functionally disordered liver. With this condition the bronchial tubes "sympathize" with the stomach, they respond to the morbific action of the liver. Here then comes the culminating result, and the setting in, with all its distressing symptoms of

**CONSUMPTION.**

The Mandrake Pills are composed of one of Nature's noblest gifts—the Podophillum Peltatum. They posess all the blood-searching, alterative properties of calomel, but, unlike calomel they

**"LEAVE NO STING BEHIND."**

The work of cure is now beginning. The vitiated and mucous deposits in the bowels and in the alimentary canal are ejected. The liver, like a clock, is wound up. It arouses from its torpidity. The stomach acts responsively, and the patient begins to feel that he is getting, at last,

**A SUPPLY OF GOOD BLOOD.**

The Sea-weed Tonic, in conjunction with the Pills, permeates and assimilates with the food. Chyllification is now progressing without its previous tortures. Digestion becomes painless, and the cure is seen to be at hand. There is no more flatulence, no exacerbation of the stomach. An appetite sets in.

Now comes the greatest Blood Purifier ever yet given by an indulgent father to suffering man. Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup comes in to perform its functions and to hasten and complete the cure. It enters at once upon its work. Nature can not be cheated. It collects and ripens the impaired and diseased portions of the lungs. In the form of gatherings, it prepares them for expectoration, and lo! in a very short time the malady is vanquished, the rotten throne that it occupied is renovated and made new, and the patient, in all the dignity of regained vigor, steps forth to enjoy the manhood or womanhood that was

**GIVEN UP AS LOST.**

The second thing is, the patients must stay in a warm room until they get well; it is almost impossible to prevent taking cold when the lungs are diseased, but it must be prevented or a cure can not be effected. Fresh air and riding out especially in this section of the country, in the fall and winter season, are all wrong. Physicians who recommend that course lose their patients, if their lungs are badly diseased and yet, because they are in the house they pass, not sit down quiet; they must walk about the room as much and as fast as the strength will bear, to get up a good circulation of blood. The patients must keep in good spirits—be determined to get well. This has a great deal to do with the appetite and is the great point to gain.

To dispair of cure after such evidence of its possibility in the worst cases, and moral certainty in all others, is sinful. Dr. Schenck's personal statement to the Faculty of his own cure was in these modest words:

"Many years ago I was in the last stage of consumption; confined to my bed, and at one time my physicians thought that I could not live a week; then, like a drowning man catching at straws, I heard of and obtained the preparations which I now offer to the public, and they made a perfect cure of me. It seemed to me that I could feel them penetrate my whole system. They soon ripened the matter in my lungs and I would spit up more than a pint of offensive yellow matter every morning for a long time.

"As soon as that began to subside, my cough, fever, pains and night sweats all began to leave me, and my appetite became so great that it was with difficulty that I could keep from eating too much. I soon gained my strength, and have grown in flesh ever since.

"I was weighed shortly after my recovery," added the Doctor, "then looking like a mere skeleton; my weight was only ninety seven pounds; my present weight is two hundred and twenty-five (225) pounds and for years I have enjoyed an uninterrupted health."

Dr. Schenck has discontinued his professional visits to New York and Boston. He or his son Dr. J. H. Schenck, Jr., still continue to see patients at their office, No. 15 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia, every Saturday from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M. Those who wish a thorough examination with the Respirometer will be charged $5. The Respirometer declares the exact condition of the lungs, and patients can readily learn whether they are curable or not.

The directions for taking the medicines are adapted to the intelligence even of a child. Follow these directions, and kind Nature will do the rest, excepting that in some cases the Mandrake Pills are to be taken in increased doses, the three medicines need no other accompaniments than the ample instructions that accompany them. First, create appetite. Of returning health, hunger is the most welcome symptom. When it comes as it will come, let the despairing at once be of good cheer. Good blood at once follows the cough loosens, the night sweat is abated. In a short time both of these morbid symptoms are gone forever.

Dr. Schenck's medicines are constantly kept in tens of thousands of families. As a laxative or purgative, the Mandrake Pills are a standard preparation; while the Pulmonic Syrup, as a cure of coughs and colds, may be regarded as a prophylactic against consumption in any of its forms.

Price of the Pulmonic Syrup and Sea-weed Tonic, $1.50 a bottle, or $7.50 a half dozen. Mandrake Pills, 25 cent a box. For sale by all druggists and dealers.

**R. Macready & Co.,**

North-East Corner Columbia and Walnut Streets, CINCINNATI, OHIO,

**Wholesale Agents.**

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# Correspondence.

## Wanderings in the West.

### No. 2.

A RAILROAD TOWN—A SPECIMEN OF THE "NOBLE RED MAN" IN ROYYL COSTUME—THE INDIAN QUESTION—HOW IS IT TO BE SOLVED—GOOD LANDS AND WRETCHED FARMING—NORTHERN ENTERPRISE WANTED.

SENECA, MISSOURI, }
May 29th, 1871. }

DEAR BLADE:—Leaving Springfield, where my last letter was written, I came to this place Saturday forenoon. Seneca is 230 miles from St. Louis, 89 from Springfield, and within a hundred yards of the boundary line between Missouri and the Indian Territory. It is a new town—most of it having been built since the completion of the railroad, less than a year ago, and like all such places, shows plainly that it was built in a hurry. There are about a thousand people in it, some of whom are living in tents, awaiting the completion of their houses. I counted thirteen of these tents in view from the railroad station, and there were others I could not see from there. Some of them are the habitations of families who spend the summer in them, changing their location as their work on the railroad changes from one place to another. Less than a day generally suffices for them to pack up all their traps, make a change of base and get well settled in a new location. It is the handiest way in the world for people to live who dislike house cleaning and don't mind moving. And there is another convenience about it: the assessor and tax collector never catch them, though I don't think many of them would be troubled about the income tax.

Being so near their Territory of course, a great many Indians visit this place; some to do a little trading, some to get drunk and others simply to pass away the time. In these respects they are as much like the whites as can be. Many of them like whiskey, but they have not a monopoly of that taste by any means. The drunkest, most beastly looking man I have seen in Seneca, was not an Indian.

I saw on the street Saturday, White Tree, second Chief of a small tribe located near here. He is about six feet tall and would turn the scale at near three hundred—good evidence that somehow he lived well, though they say he'd rather die than work. He wore heavy blue pants, a bright pink shirt, a short sack coat, moccosins, slouch hat, with a couple of bright colored ribbons around it and a gay feather stuck in one side. A little peculiarity about Mr. White Tree's dress is, that he will wear that pink shirt outside of his pants, and the shirt being considerably longer than the coat, you may imagine that his appearance is slightly picturesque.

The question of the opening up of this Indian Territory to settlement by the whites is becoming one of great importance. Two Railroads, the Atlantic & Pacific and the Missouri, Kansas & Texas, after long negotiations succeeded in getting the right of way through the Territory by paying $25 per acre for all the land they use. But besides this no white man is allowed to own a foot of land inside the Territory for any purpose whatever. The Territory is as large as the State of Ohio, and most of it as fine land as there is in the country. With two Railroads running through it, as will soon be the case, it would seem to be impossible to keep the irrepressible white man out. We all know he follows a Railroad as naturally as water follows a descending channel, while the uneducated Indian hates it and won't stay withing hearing of the locomotive whistle if he can get away without *too* much physical exertion in the shape of work. The United States Government by a treaty, which of course is the same as a contract, and must not be violated, set aside this Territory to the Indians. The Indian as an agriculturist is a failure. He never has cultivated these magnificent lands, and he never will. The intelligent men of the different tribes see this, and are willing to open the Territory to the white man, but they are in a minority. They have succeeded in getting this grant of right of way to the above named Railroads, but that seems about all that can be accomplished just now.

It may be considered certain that this Territory will, in some way, be opened to white settlement before many years. "Manifest destiny" has decreed that. The railroads are the entering wedges. Just how the thing is to be done can't be seen yet, any more than we could see the solution of the slavery question ten years ago.

I am going down through the Territory this week, and will see most of the prominent men of the different tribes, and will get their views upon the situation and give them in another letter. The question is one of much importance, and worthy of careful consideration.

The country along the line of the Atlantic & Pacific railroad between here and Springfield is generally very fine. It is mostly rolling prairie, skirted with small groves of timber, generally oak, and well watered. There are some good mill sites on some of the larger streams. Clear creek, along which the road runs for some distance, is a beautiful stream. Shoal creek, Spring river, and lost creek are also fine streams, clear, with rapid currents, affording many excellent points for milling and manufacturing purposes. About twelve miles above here, on Lost creek, is a fall of fifteen feet, as yet entirely unimproved. It would make a fine site for a manufacturing village, if the land could be bought at a fair price, I could not learn the price it is held at.

The trouble all along here is that lands and village lots—especially the latter—are held too high. Here in Seneca lots a hundred feet deep are held at twenty to twenty-five dollars a front foot! And they talk of such property doubling in value within the next year! I need not say that *I* don't want to buy, even at present prices. This is at present a good business point, but such prices for real estate will be the death of it if they are maintained by the owners. There's altogether too much land all around here for any of it to be worth such prices.

Unimproved lands are held at from five to fifteen dollars an acre, depending on the proximity to the railroad, quantity of timber on them, &c. Improved farms seven to thirty dollars an acre.

Such farming as is done about here is calculated to disgust a man who knows what good farming is. The surface is scratched a little—it can't be called plowing—the grass and weeds about half turned under, and on this the crop is planted. The after cultivation is of the same character.

I don't see why colonies of Northern people locating on these lands should not do well. The climate is favorable, the soil good, and the railroad now affords a good market for all products.

As an illustration of how things are down her, let me give this little item: At the hotel where I'm stopping they had young onions for dinner Saturday. The proprietor informed me that he bought the entire stock of seven farmers to get enough to supply his table for one meal! They come to town with two or three or half a dozen little bunches apiece, which they dispose of to the hotels and eating houses. Such is south-western Missouri farming. What a change a good infusion of Northern enterprise would work.

A. P. M.

## Washington Letters.

Correspondence of the Blade.

DECORATION DAY—MT. VERNON—THE YOUNG MEN'S CONVENTION—PRESIDENT HOPKINS AND SKEPTICISM—THE POLITICAL NEWS—THE INDIANS.

WASHINGTON, May 30, 1871.

This day, devoted to patriotic services and patriotic remembrances, is taking its place by the side of the Fourth of July as a national holiday: and, in view of the more recent events which it commemorates, commands even greater attention. To day we are all pilgrims to the Mecca at Arlington. To-day the blossoms of spring give their beauty and their fragrance to the memory of our departed heroes. To-day poetry and elequence and song combine to shed lustre on the toils, and sacrifices, and sufferings of those who saved the nation by their blood.

In Washington the day is one of great interest, and everybody delights to contribute something to make it impressive. We are surrounded with the burial places of the heroes, and no one can look on these vast fields of the dead without realizing in some degree what it cost to save the liberties of the nation. Then, it is beautiful to see the hand of affection casting flowers on the lonely graves and teaching us the value of those manly virtues which are the safety of a nation. The President and the distinguished officers of the Government may well give the day to services so ennobling.

The International Convention wound up its labors yesterday by the visit to Mt. Vernon, which was provided by the munificence of Gov. Cook. The day was rather hot, but as the party went down in boats, they refreshed themselves with what there was of the summer breezes, and on the whole had a pleasant day. There was not much opportunity for speech-making, but before leaving the ground an impromptu meeting was organized on the long porch of the mansion, and some very pleasant parting words were spoken by the President, who, I think, expressed a common feeling of visitors when he said: "Somehow I feel like having a Quaker meeting here to-day. As I go through these grounds and look at these trees, some of them planted by the hand of Washington, and rove through this house and have my mind filled with remembrances of how *he* loved and what *he* did, I want to be very still, and to drink in alone and in silence the spirit of the great man which pervades all."

This meeting of Christian young men; this international convention, as it is called, is the largest that has yet been held in the United States. The properly accredited delegates number about 900, and there are, besides, great numbers who have come as members, but are not accredited delegates.

One of the most impressive deliveries of the convention was a prepared speech of President Hopkins, of Williams College, on Modern Skepticism and how it is to be met by this association. The speech was short, and would probably not occupy more than two columns of the Daily BLADE. It was remarkable for teaching the largest liberty and the freest enquiry. The speeker did not make the usual mistake of putting faith before intellect; but laid it down as the rule that the intellect must be the arbiter in all matters of belief. God had given us intellect and it was not to be cramped or dwarfed; but, on the other hand, quickened, strengthened, enlarged.

"We come," said he, "into the region where God invites us and where authority has no rights. The laws are the laws of evidence. If they require us to believe we are to believe; if to doubt, we are to doubt, and if to disbelieve then we are to disbelieve. Truth is one. It does not depend on the will."

"Strength," he continued, "is indicated by estimating evidence just as it is, and by believing, doubting or disbelieving accordingly. To accept as evidence what is not evidence is weak; that is credulity. To turn aside from evidence that is evidence is also weak; that is skepticism. Credulity often results from indolence and skepticism from vanity."

As to the remedy against skepticism and the way it was to be met by Christian young men, Dr. Hopkins did not put his reliance so much on the assertion of truth and an intellectual conflict with error as on superior living. Few men were masters of reason; all men had the power of right living. The great law of humanity was that "like begets like." Would you produce kindness in others? Manifest kindness towards them. Would you produce forbearance? be forbearing. Soft words turn away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger. Thence if you would produce faith in others, show forth the faith that is in you. It is fire that kindles fire; love that kindles love. Christianity that begets christianity. If you would destroy skepticism let your line be all ablaze with your confidence in the Lord Jesus Christ.

The political news received here continues to look well for the continued success of the Republican party. The measures of the administration are winning their way more and more to the public confidence, and the South is more quiet than heretofore. Visitors from California represent that the chances of carrying that State in September are improving and that Republicans are getting confident that there will be a favorable change.

The news received from the Indians is everywhere encouraging and there is not only no apprehension of a general Indian war, but reports of peaceful progress, a desire for education, for learning how to cultivate the soil and for religious instruction. The chiefs who were lately here return to their homes with much higher ideas of civilization and the power of the government, and will act in behalf of peace and good will.

BUCKEYE.

THE INDIANS AND THE ADMINISTRATION—THE NEW TREATY—THE REVENUE—A BEQUEST TO THE GOVERNMENT—CAPT. HALL—MR. COLFAX—LONG BRANCH.

WASHINGTON, June 1, 1871.

I mentioned in one of my letters that the Indians were generally peaceable and were turning their attention to the cultivation of the earth more than heretofore as a means of subsistence; and I should have added that the policy of the President toward them is regarded by the friends of the administration as a complete success.

Of course there are complaints still and there are wrongs still; but there is a manifest change for the better. Under the administration of Secretary Delano the new policy has had the cordial and earnest support of the Interior Department, and has already laid the foundation of confidence on the part of the Indians, and awakened a desire for instruction, for protection, for a more quiet and peaceful life, and for those means of culture which they understand to lie at the root of our better condition. What has been most needed in our relations with the Indians is an honest administration of the trusts organized for their benefit by the government.

It is easy to see that agencies so far away and so irresponsible, must always be subject to great abuse, and that the only way to secure anything like faithfulness is by the appointment of men of known integrity, and who have some higher object than to fill their own pockets. This the administration is seeking to do; and although it may sometimes fail, it has assured the general result; and it is evident that a new era has opened in the administration of Indian affairs.

The new treaty will go into effect and due ratifications exchanged, whatever may be the opposition of the local government over the Canada line. In England the treaty does not have to be submitted to parliament; and as all the proceedings have been taken with the knowledge and sanction of the Queen's government, no apprehension is felt that it will not be formally ratified. It is the work of sovereignty, and the people of England and of the Dominion must accept what is done.

But the ultimate effect on the persons now in power is another question. There are indications of an agitation in Parliament against the ministry, based on the provisions of the treaty, and, of course, it may be successful; in which case there will be changes in the cabinet, but no change in the obligation of the English people to carry out to the letter, the provisions of the treaty.

It seems, probable, however, that the views expressed in the speech of Earl de Grey in New York, will carry the English people; and that the ministry will be sustained. Discussion will only tend to strengthen the confidence of the people in their public servants, and will show a far reaching and enlightened statesmanship which the world cannot fail to applaud and admire.

The effect on the internal revenue of the reductions made by the last Congress is becoming apparent in the income of the department, which is sensibly falling off. The collections for May 1871 are 10 millions less than for the corresponding month last year; and, for 11 months, that is to say from July 1, to January 1, the receipts have been less than for the corresponding months last year, by over 26½ millions.

A curious piece of information has reached the Secretary of the Treasury and found its way into our papers. It is to the effect that an Englishman by the name of Derby, who died recently in New York, had left an immense estate of eleven millions or more to the government on the condition that Congress should pass an act giving the interest, at three per cent., to five or six heirs during their lifetime. This is not a very probable story, but it may be true nevertheless. The Smithsonian bequest came from an Englishman.

The *Polaris*, Capt. Hall's vessel of exploration, is about ready for sea, and the President and other high officers of State made a visit of inspection to the navy-yard yesterday with a particular reference to this vessel, which is to carry out the party of explorers who mean to get hold of the North Pole. There was some feasting on board the vessel and she was at once put in commission, and is now taking in her supplies. Capt. Hall leaves for New York on Saturday and will sail on his exploration in about two weeks. His crew have been selected from among the whalers who have made themselves familiar with the icy seas, and high hopes are entertained that the expedition will render signal service to geographical science and other interests of the country. The President gives the warm side of his heart to the expedition.

It is not stated what, precisely, is the character of President Colfax's illness; but it is known to have been one of those sudden and alarming strokes of disease from which so much is to be apprehended after the meridian of life is passed. For some days he was regarded as dangerous, but he has steadily improved, and last night took the cars for his country home. He saw visitors during the day and was cheerful and hopeful.

President Grant leaves, with his family, to-day for Long Branch. Next week he will make a visit to West Point, but will return to Long Branch for the summer.

It is understood that the Government will take things easy during the summer, and that the diplomatic agents at Washington will follow their example. Mr. Secretary Delano left for Ohio on Tuesday; President Grant goes to Long Branch to-day; Attorney-Gen. Akerman is preparing to leave for Georgia, and Secretary Robeson will follow the President in a few days to Long Branch. The plan is to keep in easy communication with Washington and to gather here whenever the public business may seem to require it. Mr. Boutwell expects to remain in Washington.

BUCKEYE.

# Insurance Department.

### The Insurance Convention in New York.

The Convention of State officials having supervision over insurance, just held in New York, has proved to be of vast public utility in many respects. Eighteen States were represented in the conference and all branches of insurance have been made topics of varied and widely ranging discussion. In the several forms of elaborate statistical papers, oral arguments and informal addresses the life, fire, marine and accident companies have presented their views upon points of general and technical interest, and even the New York Chamber of Commerce availed itself of the favorable opportunity to submit through a special committee, the average mercantile opinion respecting insurance, its importance, management and supervision.

Among the prominent features of the Convention's proceedings may be named the documents presented in behalf of the New York Board of Fire Underwriters, the National Board of Fire Underwriters, the Life companies doing business in New York, the New York Chamber of Commerce, the addresses of Hon. Elizur Wright, Hon. William Barnes, President Savage, of the New York Board of Underwriters, and Mr. J. G. Batterson, of Hartford. Of course, the several members of the Convention have actively contributed by resolutions and intelligent debate to lend variety and value to its proceedings, and Superintendent Miller, the President (and originator) of the conference, has won universal applause, not only by his executive administration and the practical turn he has given to the workings of the Convention, but also by his readiness and eloquence in the occasional enforcement of his views when necessity seemed to call him to the floor for such purpose.

The principal subjects discussed by the Convention have been the preparation of an uniform blank for the annual statements of companies; rules as to what shall be deemed proper assets and investments; the just mode of valuing life policies and estimating fire and marine reinsurance; the inequalities of taxation, licenses and fees in the several States; the question of deposit requirements; the appointment of attornies to receive service of legal process, and the fixing by law of a surrender-value upon life policies. It was upon this latter topic that Hon. Elizur Wright occupied the attention of the Convention. In addition to the subjects named above, a variety of miscellaneous questions were introduced and discussed, with every prospect of a result which will tend to simplify the labors of the State officials in the future, and, at the same time, go far to satisfy the longings of the insurance companies for relief from existing exactions and inconveniences.

Among other points brought to the attention of the State officials was the injustice of levying local taxes upon the gross premiums received by the companies in the various States, instead of assessing such taxes solely upon the gains of the companies. The reasonableness of protest against such an exaction is illustrated by the fact that in a number of the States, agency companies do not really average a dollar of profit on the business done, being compelled to pay for losses and expenses all that they receive for premiums. And yet these local taxes are levied upon the premiums themselves and not upon what is left of them, if anything, after the year's returns are ascertained. Inasmuch as a fire insurance company, for instance, in a series of years, is certain to pay out 60 per cent. of its premium receipts for losses and 30 per cent. more for expenses, it is obvious that a tax of 2 per cent. upon gross premiums becomes an immensely greater per centage of tax upon what little the company may make in a given locality. If the year's premiums in Ohio, for instance, have been $50,000, of which only $5,000 in fact remains (after paying $30,000 for losses and $15,000 for expenses), the 2 per cent. tax on the gross receipts ($1,000) becomes a 20 per cent. tax upon the net receipts, or one-fifth of all the company has taken from Ohio. No one, surely, will argue that such an extortion has the least foundation in either common justice or common sense. And if kept up, the tax must in all reason be collected out of the public by means of advanced rates.

Upon the numerous important subjects brought before the Convention, there was scarcely one in which the public has not a practical interest. Hereafter it will be our duty, perhaps to refer to some of these. Meanwhile we are rejoiced to know that the Convention has been so successful in all respects and that its decisions are likely to be of great value to the public and the insurance interests.

Insurance officers all over the country will be glad to learn that just before adjourning, the convention of State Superintendents came to an agreement upon a form of blank for the annual statements of the companies. Hitherto, underwriters have endured with what patience they could command the purgatory of responding to some thirty or forty different catechisms every year, containing from fifty to one hundred and fifty questions each. The new blank, it is understood will be just as searching and trustworthy, without being so burdensome to the companies; and best of all, it will be the uniform blank sent out by most, if not all of the State departments. If the convention had done nothing more than this, their week's labors would have entitled the delegates to great credit.

The official report of the recent important Insurance Convention in New York has been published in tasteful style by Messrs. J. H. & C. N. GOODSELL, of the *Spectator*, and may be procured at 50 cents per copy by addressing the publishers. We hazard nothing in saying that no publication has ever been made in the interests of insurance which comprises, within the same limits, so much that is of essential service to the underwriter and of practical value to the public, as does this official report. The most accomplished insurance officer will find it wonderfully suggestive, while the less experienced and the general public will recognize in its varied contents a mine of new and useful information.

It is beginning to attract attention that, so long as the life companies can get from 7 to 10 per cent. interest on their investments, it is hardly worth while to talk seriously of the necessity of basing all their estimates upon a rate of only 4 or 4½ per cent. But this is just what they are doing, under the compulsory regulations of the departments. It is a subterfuge too thin, however, to last much longer.

An English bank, in 1854, encouraged its officers and clerks to insure their lives, by offering to be responsible for half the premiums. The result has been that, up to this time, insurance has been effected to the amount of $1,250,000. Does any one doubt that such an offer has paid for itself by also insuring the fidelity and honesty of the persons thus liberally treated? We certainly have no such doubt.

We call attention of life companies and agents to an editorial in *The Spectator* for June, on "The Warfare in Life Insurance." It is the sharpest and most independent utterance ever seen in an insurance paper upon certain abuses in the practice of life insurance. Its perusal ought to be profitable to a vast many insurance men we wot of.

Our readers are warned against an infinite fraud called the "Pennsylvania Cattle Insurance Company," which issues a table of rates for five year policies at about one-fifth of the safe rate, and then takes notes for "twenty times the amount of the premium." The only insurance this concern furnishes its poor dupes is the doubly sure assurance of being swindled.

The Security Fire, of New York, have moved into their handsome new office on the corner of Broadway and Park Place, opposite the new Postoffice in that city. It is generally admitted that this is the very best "move" the Security has ever made.

We suppose we need not say that Ohio insurance companies and Ohio insurance agents will find this paper their best medium of intercommunication, now that we have established in our columns a weekly insurance department.

The Massachusetts Legislature has authorized the appointment of a deputy commissioner of insurance, and Mr. Geo. W. SARGENT takes the place, with its incumbrance of $3,000 a year.

The outstanding policies of the American Tontine Life Insurance Company have been reinsured in the Empire Mutual Life The risks aggregated $3,000,000. So says *The Spectator* for June.

The International Fire, of New York, has appointed Mr. Owen Owens, of Cincinnati, its general agent for the States of Ohio, Kentucky and Indiana. The selection is a sensible one.

Mr. W. H. Dyer has been appointed Superintendent of the agents of the Cincinnati Mutual Life.


NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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A column would not suffice to enumerate the ailments for which it is prescribed by physicians of the highest standing. It does not belong to the class derisively termed patent medicines, but is an article based on scientific analysis, and will stand the test of the sharpest and most rigid medical criticism as a cathartic, a stomachic, an antifebrile and an admirable remedy for all bilious complaints.

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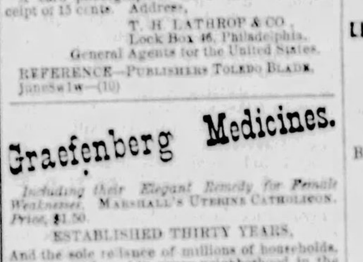

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ONE BOTTLE OF THE GRAPE JUICE PILLS ARE WORTH THEIR WEIGHT IN GOLD,

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BAD BLOOD, POOR COMPLEXION,

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THE CATAWBA GRAPE PILLS

are done up with great care and in handsome bottles, and will surpass all those vended in wooden boxes, and carelessly prepared by inexperienced men, comparing with the English and French style of manipulating.

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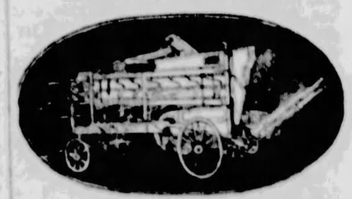

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# Our Young Folks.

### A POEM FOR BOYS

BY ALICE CAREY.

The boy who does a stroke and stops,
Will ne'er a great man be;
'Tis the aggregate of single drops
That makes the sea the sea.

The mountain was not at its birth
A mountain, so to speak;
The little atoms of sand and earth
Have made its peak a peak.

Not all at once the morning streams
The gold above the gray;
'Tis thousand little yellow gleams
That makes the day the day.

Not from the snowdrift, May awakes
In purples, reds, and greens;
Spring's whole bright retinue it takes,
To make her queen of queens.

Upon the orchard rain must fall,
And soak from branch to root;
And blossoms bloom and fade withal,
Before the fruit is fruit.

The farmer must needs sow and till,
And wait the wheaten bread;
Then cradle, thresh, and go to mill
Before the bread is bread.

Swift heels may get the early shout,
But spite of all the din,
It is patient *holding out*
That makes the winner win.

Make this your motto, then, at start,
'Twill help to smooth the way;
And steady up both hand and heart—
"Rome wasn't built in a day"!

—*Children's Hour.*

### ROSE.

Rose is a black girl eight years old, and has hair so curly that it fairly kinks, and a nose as flat as yours is, little darling, when you press it against the window-pane to watch for papa's coming home. Her lips are twice as thick as yours, and as red as cherries; and when she laughs, which is every two minutes, there can be seen a row of teeth as white as snow, and as even as a row of pins.

And—and! How shall I tell you how black Rose is? O, I know; just look down at your little shoe, the one you have worn long enough to take the first gloss off, and there you have it. 'As black as your shoe;" that is Rose's color.

Rose dosen't like it much being so black, and she runs out of doors without any hat, and sits whole hours in the sun, hoping she'll fade out, "like Miss Lovegro's old calico dress."

Rose has the care of the chickens, and calls them hers. She feeds them twice every day, and gives them plenty of nice fresh water to drink. One day she came running in and said—

"O, Miss Lovegro', I wish I was a chicken, like them little white banties; I'd give anything if I could only be one."

"Why don't you play you are one?" said Mrs. Lovegroue. "I think you could manage to roost on a pole, if you tried; you know you can do almost anything."

"O, Miss Lovegro', can I try?"

And when she was told that she might, she hopped up and down for joy, which so frightened Tabby, the cat, that she jumped out of the window, and overturned a flower-pot, and went racing down the garden path, as if a great black dog was after her.

That night, when everything was quiet, and it was Rose's bed time, instead of going up to her own little chamber, she stole softly out of the back door, down the path, behind the barn, to the hen-house.

She was a little afraid of the dark, which made her hurry the faster, and in a minute she had unhooked the hen-house door, opened and it walked in. It was very dark inside, and Rose said to herself—

"O, dear, I wish I had brought a light;" then she thought, "Why, hens don't have no light to go to bed by; what a gump you are Rose Wallace to want a lamp! You'd better get on to your perch, and go to sleep."

So she clucked a little, as near like a hen as she could, and slapped her arms against her sides, as if they were wings, and looked up to the roosts, and wished she could get up.

"I d'clar," said she, "'taint no use tryin' to fly with nothin' but arms. Wish I had some feathers! Nebber mind, I'll get a barrel and stan' on."

So she rolled a barrel under the perch, and up she jumped, first upon the barrel and then upon the perch. But all she could do, she couldn't stay on. She would slip first one way and then the other, and then down she would go to the ground.

"Dear me! I've hurt me awful," she said. "It a'most as hard to be a hen as it is to be good. I declar' for it, I don't see how them hens stick."

After awhile, by trying very hard, Rose at last found herself roosted in a corner, with her back against a beam, and one hand holding on the window bar, and feeling pretty comfortable, and quite secure, she thought she would try and go to sleep.

"'Taint quite so easy as a bed, but I'll soon get used to it, and then it's so nice to be a hen. I's a good mind to try to fly down. I would, if I wasn't afraid of hitting that barrel. Law's alive, how did that yer barrel come open end so; I must have tipped it over. De very first thing I'll do in the mornin' is to crow, just as loud as ever I can, an' then I'll go stan' on one leg in the sun, the whole live long day.

And so thinking and thinking, pretty soon she began to dream. She dreamed that she was a splendid great hen, with gold feathers, and diamond eyes, and a top knot as high as a barrel, and made of feathers of the gayest colors, which kept a nodding, and glancing, and waving in the wind, and which so overhung her eyes that they made her quite dizzy to look at.

She tried to look down to the ground but she couldn't keep her eyes off the feathers, and she was growing dizzier—dizzier—everything seemed to be whirling around—dizzier—dizzier—round and round—until by and by she whirled herself upon the edge of a high bank.

Round and round she went until she whirled herself off, and then round and round, down and down she went, until she brought up, with her head dow in a barrel—and wide awake.

There she was—with her heels in the air, and her head at the bottom of the barrel. She could not get out. She forgot all about crowing; besides it was still dark. So instead of crowing she screamed:

"Miss Lovegro'—Miss—Love—gro'!"

That frightened the hens and they flew down, and cackled and squawked, and fluttered about, until such a noise was made that it reached Mrs. Lovegrove's ears, who had not yet gone to bed, for it was only nine o'clock.

She called to her husband.

"Oh, dear, somebody's stealing our hens, or a ferret has got in and is eating them. Do go out quick and see what is the matter, and I'll go out and hold the lantern."

So out they went, and then Mrs. Lovegrove knew Rose's voice—and screamed,—

"Where are you, Rose?"

"Here I is, Miss Lovegro' in a barrel, in the hen-house. Do take me out."

So they opened the door, and there were the hens, frightened half to death, but there in the corner, were two black feet sticking out of a barrel, and that was all there was to be seen of Rose.

So they pulled her out, and set her on her feet, and away she scampered to the house.

Then Mrs. Lovegrove remembered what Rose had asked her in the afternoon and laughed heartily to think Rose had taken her in earnest.

After a good washing, Rose crept up to her own chamber, and as she went, said,—

"God night, Miss Lovegro', 'taint no use trying to be anything you aint. I d'lar for't, I'd rather be Rose Wallace, than the prettiest beauty in that coop."—*Youth's Companion.*

### Riding the Dogs, Sheep, Goats and Hogs.

Mr. Charles Camden, of Wales, Great Britain, contributes the following laughable account of his attempts to ride the different kinds of domestic animals, to that excellent magazine *Good Words for the Young:*

At Gander Street farm house there was an old mastiff, who answered to the name of Keeper, a huge old fellow, brindled, and white, possessing an ear and a half, and a very uncertain temper. Keeper had lost the missing half ear in one of his numerous combats with his kind. Towards dogs, indeed, Keeper's temper could not be said to be uncertain. He no sooner saw one, when he was unchained, than he rushed at it with a savage growl, as if he thought he had been set upon earth to clear it of all other dogs. If a chain prevented him from doing anything towards carrying out his mission, the deferment of his hope of becoming the last Dog made him bark and strain at his collar until his eyes stood out of his head like a boiled shrimp's. He behaved towards cats with similar uniform ferocity. It was towards human creatures that Keeper's temper was uncertain. Some people he would fly at as if they were dogs or cats, others he contemptuously ignored, on one or two he fawned. His master and poor little Tilly could take any liberty with him: Edward and I belonged to a small intermediate class who could take liberty or not according to the mood Master Keeper was in. When he was in a good temper he made a capital "horse." The worst of it was that he might happen to see a dog or a cat; and then off he would set "through corn and through."

Billey, the bull-calf, was another of my Gander Street "horses." He was a sturdy little chap, with budding horns like two marbles stuck into his forehead. Billey had a great notion of his own importance, and did not at all approve of any making a nag of him. When I tried to catch him in the home-close, he would stick out and twist his tail, and scamper away sideways, after the comical fashion of calves; and when he saw me coming towards him, where he could not get away, he would back into a corner, "mooing" as terrifically as he knew how, and putting down his head as if he was only backing to get a better chance of tossing me sky-high. After having looked so very brave before I had mounted him, the means which Billey always adopted, when all other means had failed, to get me off his back, did not seem so very heroic. He quietly dropped down between my legs, and quietly refused to get up again so long as I was near. I once tried to ride a cow, but she rolled so when she got into her full swing that I was soon overboard, holding on to her tasselled tail. She towed me along a rutty lane like a collier's tailboat in a chopping sea; but she very soon got tired of the weight that lumbered at her heels, and lifting one of them, gave a kick in the stomach that left me kicking in the ruts; whilst she rolled on triumphantly. But if I could not ride a cow, I have often ridden a sow.

There was a huge old sow, the mother of I don't know how many generations of porkers, that was very fond of taking a quiet walk on a sunny afternoon backwards and forwards between our cottage and the parsonage, doing a little lazy roadside rooting as she went. She was a downright monster of a sow, more like a small hippopotamus than a big pig. My light weight was nothing to her, and so long as I did not attempt to guide or to hurry her movements, she had no objections to carry me backwards and forwards between the parsonage and my home. If, however, I tried to spur or steer her, or if I presumed to keep on her after she had passed our house on her leisurely way home to her sty in the village, down she would roll upon her side, taking care to get me under her—and you may fancy that that was not a very pleasant position.

Some people seem to think that goats are as common in all parts of Wales as sparrows are in London; but there was only one goat in Llangadam, and he was looked upon as a curiosity. To be sure, he was a very fine fellow, with great twisted, pointed horns, and a white beard as long as a patriarch's. Abraham was the name he went by. I only once attempted to ride Abraham. As soon as I was on he began to "buck," and when he was at the top of his third bound, he threw up his legs in a half summersault and flung me over his head on to a dunghill—squash on a string of snake's eggs; and as soon as I got up he butted me down again, and seemed disposed to go on repeating the operation until he got tired of it. I had so much difficulty in getting away from offended Father Abraham that I took care never to insult him again by attempting to make a steed of him.

I was luckier in my sheep-riding. The wool gave a good grip, and though they were capital jumpers, and could take a gap in a hedge like a hunter, they didn't buck and kick like Father Abraham. Nevertheless, there was an old ram at the Castle farm that was too much for me. I was in the Yetland one day riding a wether, when Bevan of Castle came up, and after pretending to scold me for worrying his sheep, burst out laughing, and said, "Why don't you ride the ram, Charlie? There he is in the corner. I'll give you leave to ride him, if you catch him. Peggy!" he shouted to his granddaughter, who was looking between the bars of the Castle farmyard gate, "come here and see Charley ride the old ram." The presence of Peggy put me doubly on my metal; but a nice chase the old ram led me. Time after time he dodged me, old Bevan, meanwhile, croaking out chuckles like an amused raven, and Peggy shrieking with laughter. At last, however, panting, and perspiring, I managed to get hold of the ram's tail, and, as he was pretty well blown himself, he scrambled on his back. He stood stock still for a minute or two, and when he had got his wind again, I fancied that he was quite tamed. He did not attempt to fling me, or to rush from between my legs, but moved slowly on, as if he could scarcely carry my great weight. I rode past Peggy and her grandfather, very proud of my ram-taming performance. I did not see where the sly old ram was going to—I was too busy looking at Peggy, to see whether she admired me sufficiently. Just outside the farmyard gate there was a manure-heap, a lofty island surrounded with a moat of molasses-colored liquid. Into this moat the sly old ram tilted me by a sudden hitch, and then cantered off, basing as if it was making fun of me. When I got out I was in such a mess, and so mortified at hearing old Mr. Bevan and Peggy laughing at me too, that I ran home as fast as I could, and never tried to ride the old Castle ram again.

### The Two Little Girls Out West

Journeying in the Western States, I had preached on Sabbath morning, and was requested to go out in the afternoon to a new settlement to address a Sabbath school. I was wearied and felt quite unfitted for the task, but I could not excuse myself, and so very reluctantly consented to go.

* * * *

I looked around the assembly with great misgivings, not knowing what to say to them. I noticed a little girl very shabbily dressed and barefooted, shrinking up in a corner, her little sunburnt face buried in her hands, the tears trickling between the small brown fingers, and sobbing as if her heart would break. Soon another little girl, eleven or twelve years old, got up and went to the little one, whispered kindly to her, and taking her by the hand, led her towards the brook, talking to her very soothingly.

Then she seated the child on a log, and kneeling beside her, she took off the ragged sun-bonnet, and dipping her hand in the limpid water, bathed her hot eyes and tear-stained face, smoothed the tangled hair, and rolling the short curls over her finger, let them drop in shining ringlets over the white neck, talking in a cheery manner all the while, just as a mother would soothe a petted child. The little one brightened up, the tears all gone, and smiles came creeping all around the rosy mouth. I then stepped forward and said: "Is that your little sister, my dear?"

"No, sir," answered the noble child with tender, earnest eyes, "I have on sister, sir."

"Oh, one of the neighbor children," I replied; "a little schoolmate, perhaps?"

"No, sir, she is a stranger; I do not know where she came from; I never saw her before."

"Then how came you to take her out and have such a care for her, if you do not know her?"

"Because she was a stranger, sir, and seemed all alone, and needed somebody to be kind to her."

Ah, said I to myself, here is a text for me to preach from, "because she was a stranger and seemed all alone, and needed somebody to be kind to her;" and then a thought of the words of our blessed Lord came to me; "Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

So taking the little girls by the hand, I went back to the school room, and told the people the simple story, the love the elder had shown to the younger because she was a stranger and needed some one to be kind to her. I then spoke of the great love that all present should bear one to another, even as the dear Savior sought out those who were humble and of low estate, making them his peculiar care. I quite forgot myself as I addressed the listening crowd; my weariness and hesitation vanished, and I felt that the Holy Ghost had put a good word in my mouth to preach to these sheep in the wilderness.

When the services were concluded, many of the congregation came towards me, taking me kindly by the hand, and thanking me for what I had said to them. —*Child's Paper.*

### The Pittston Horror.

**Account Given by one of the Survivors of the Scene Inside the Mine.**

Correspondence of the N. Y. Herald.

At an interview this afternoon with Thos. Edwards and his son George, who were rescued from the mine and now beyond danger, we gleaned these facts: As soon as the warning came of the appalling state of affairs, tumultuous excitement ran riot for a short space of time. Imprecations against the author of their dire calamity were given vent to in no measured terms; but as the awful solemnity of their melancholy disaster was brought more vividly to their understanding the first impressions were succeeded by a hasty but earnest discussion upon their chance of escape. The circumstance of the Avondale tragedy and its comparison with existing affairs was commented upon, and the decision to place a wall between them and the fire was unanimously agreed upon.

But before the completion of the barricade, upon which they worked as for life, some of the men from sheer exhaustion fell to the ground in a death-like stupor. After the erection of the wall, Boroughs, as a guide to the future explorers of the mine, knowing full well the efforts that would be put forth to find the inmates, wrote thereon "we are all in here," and then, returning inside, joined in with his comrades in singing anthems, praying and exhorting and bidding adieu to friends in this world. The proceedings of this last meeting of the men, as related to us by father and son, is of too solemn import to be contemplated with aught else but reverence. Father and son embraced and kissed each other, as never before, and husband and brother spoke in subdued but weighty words of the prayers that were ascending to heaven for their deliverance by friends and relatives who might then be treading upon their tomb. It was about three o'clock that Thomas first learned of the fire, and up to six o'clock he remembers everything perfectly well. At that time he went to sleep, and the next he knew he was in his own house, with endearing friends catering to his every want and offered every possible means of regaining his wonted reason. He remembers his son passing among the failing men and urging them to vigorous efforts to keep up a circulation of blood and not lie down to sleep, a sleep of death. The sensation of the change was much like that of over-indulgence relapsing into a stupor, when transpiring events might be very indistinctly observed, and ten into a total oblivion of all surroundings.

In conversation with another resuscitated miner he admitted that the fears of death were more painful than he believed the instantaneous experience to be. All hoped for the best and felt sure that every means for their relief would be brought into requisition, but a few dared to express a decided conviction that they would be rescued.

Said one, "Never had I before felt the great peril of the vocation I follow or the extreme terror and misery the poor men of Avondale must have felt."

George Edwards, who seems to remember the greatest part of the calamity, ran to the shaft to investigate the progress of the fire, and after all the rest had laid down and were beyond awakening in the mine, he tried to look up the shaft, but the heat around the immediate vicinity was so great as to drive him back. He saw timbers falling, and made his way back to the enclosure, but after this he remembers nothing. The loss to the breaker will not exceed $50,000.

☞ The *Quarterly Review of Prophecy* (London) for April states that a Frenchman, M. Guerin, has discovered the famous mausoleum of the Maccabees, hitherto searched for in vain. It was found at Kirbet el Medikh:

"After several visits to this spot, M. Guerin caused the whole of the structures to be excavated methodically under his own eye, and discovered the entire plan of the edifice, the existence of seven sepulchral chambers for seven members of the illustrious family, and surmounted by seven pyramids placed in a line, each covering the ceiling of one chamber. Finally, in the midst of the ruins of Musaulman habitations built near the edifice, were found numbers of pieces of monolithic columns, much mutilated, all of the same diameter (forty-seven centimetres,) remains of the magnificent colonnade which decorated the front of the building, the last confirmation of the discovery. The tombs were explored. The floors were covered with small mosaic cubes, in some cases still adhering together, in others separate, and one of them contained five or six human bones, which were carefully respected."

James Russell Lowell considers the "Rape of the Lock" a poem which for wit, fancy, invention and keeping, has never been surpassed.

# Wit and Humor.

### BARON GRIMALKIN'S DEATH.

**A Parody.**

BY WILL. M CARLETON.

O'er a low barn, with setting sun
Had thrown its latest ray,
Where, in his last strong agony,
A dying tom-cat lay.
One who had caught full many a mouse,
By pantry, barn, and shelf,
But now, by unrelenting *Death*,
At last was caught himself.

"They come around me here, and say
My days of life are o'er!
That I shall snoop in pass of milk,
And scratch and fight no more!
They come, and to my whiskers, dare
To tell me now, that *I*,
The oldest tom-cat on the place!
That I! y-o-w! yo-o-w! must die!

"And what is death? I've braved him oft,
Before the poker's thrust;
I've fought with many a cat and dog,
For many a bone and crust.
I've met him, faced him, scorned him,
When the fight was raging hot!
If he comes here, I'll scratch his eyes,
Defy, and fear him not.

"Ho! sound the signal from the barn,
And raise a mighty din!
Go round to every house and farm,
And call each tom-cat in;
Away, and do my bidding, now!
My every order mind!
Bring hither every rat and mouse
That you can catch or find!"

A hundred cats were busy then;
A feast of rats was spread;
And everything was done in haste,
As the old cat had said;
While, through a crack, the rising moon
Lit up the novel scene,
And shone on poor old Thomas cat
Of sad, but gritty mein.

Soon hurrying through the great barn door,
The neighboring pussies came;
Some black, some white, some grizzly gray,
Some wild, and others tame.
They gathered quickly round the feast,
Each sitting firm and straight;
While, at their head, the dying cat,
With tail curled round him, sat.

"Let every one be filled, my cats;
Eat all you can, to-night!
And then, when we are done our feast!
We'll have a glorious fight!
Are ye all there, ye Thomas cats?
Mine eyes are waxing dim;
Now, wash your faces, bristle up,
And get in fighting trim.

"Ye're there, and yet I see ye not—
Come, clinch together, now,
And let me hear you scratch and fight,
We'll have a glorious row!
I hear it, faintly; louder yet!
What clogs my breath, I say?
Up, all, and scratch, and fight, and yawl,
And scare grim Death away!"

Teeth bit with teeth, cat fought with cat,
And rose a deafening yawl,
And scared the horses in that barn,
And made the cattle bawl!
"Ho! cravens, do ye fear him?
Slaves, traitors, have ye flown?
Ho, tom-cats, have ye left me
To met him here alone?

"But I defy him! Let him come!"
Down came his sharp, old jaws,
And rage and fury grimly clashed,
Within his teeth and jaws;
And with his staring, yellow eyes
Protruding from his head,
There, on a bunch of barley straw,
Lay the old rascal, dead!

### Camp Fire Stories.

The stories below are copied from the *Grand Army Journal:*

An officer of a New York regiment, who afterwards became famous as a general under Sherman, while riding over the field of the first Bull Run, came suddenly upon a man who had taken refuge from shot and shell in a hole but just large enough to comfortably contain his body. After demanding his name and regiment, the officer indignantly, and in rather forcible language, ordered him to "get out of there."

Placing his thumb to his nose and extending the fingers in that expressive manner generally so well understood, he replied:

"No you don't, old fellow, you want this place yourself."

The following dialogue took place on the march to Alexandria, immediately after the second battle of Bull Run.—Major J., who had been severely censured for leaving the field at Malvern Hill in rather a hasty manner, and who was afterwards the subject of a court martial for a similar weakness, thus accosted a bugler of the tender age of twelve years:

"Well, my lad, were you not very much frightened during the fight?"

To which the intrepid little soldier promptly replied:

"Yes, sir, I was badly scared, but Major, I did not let my legs find it out!"

The hint was so pointed, and, withal, so just, that a roar of laughter burst from the lips of all who heard it, much to the discomfiture of the gallant (?) Major, who put spurs to his horse and rode to the front of the column.

During the organization of colored troops in Kentucky, considerable trouble was taken to perfect them in the knowledge of their duties as sentinels, and to this end all sorts of experiments were resorted to. Approaching one of the dusky warriors, on camp guard, one bright moonlight night, I was challenged and responded in due form, but a few moments afterwards, expressing a desire to see if his musket was not a rebel one, it was unhesitatingly handed to me. Wishing to impress upon his mind how indiscreet he had been, and the necessity of caution, I stepped quickly back, and, bringing the piece to a charge, the bayonet near his breast, I said:

"Now, sir! suppose I was a rebel, what could you do?"

After scratching his head for a moment, in the meantime evidently considering the question, he replied:

"Well, Massa, I doesn't know, but I 'spects I'd run."

This was too much for my gravity, and I need hardly add, for that time he got off scot free. The lesson was not lost on him, however, for when, a few nights afterwards, a very stormy one, by-the-by, Lieut. L., intentionally giving the wrong countersign, he was ordered to "Mark time, dar!" and the order being complied with, the sentinel unconcerned resumed the walking of his beat. Lieut. L., soon tired of his exercise, however, and offered to give the proper countersign, but it was no use; every time the Lieutenant relaxed his exertions, down would come the bayonet, and with it the reply in tones not to be misunderstood: "Mark time, dar, I tell yer! Mark time dar! no such man as you got de countersign."

This was kept up for fully half an hour, and the relief was never more heartily welcomed by weary sentinel than it was that night by Lieutenant L.

A few evenings since John Sutgood was paying court to his dulcinea. She had smuggled him into the parlor, and the darkness only served to conceal her blushes while John told the story of his love. The muttered words reached the parental ear, and coming suddenly into the room, he demanded to know of Mary who it was she had with her.

"It's the cat, sir," 'twas the mumbling reply.

"Drive it out of here," thundered *paterfamilias.*

"Scat!" screamed Mary; and then *sotto voce:* "John meaow a little."

John sat up a woful yowl.

"That cat's got a cold," remarked the parent.

John yowled louder than ever.

"Confound it, bring a light, and scare the thing out."

This was too much, and John made a leap for the window, carrying glass and frame with him.

"Thunder, *what a cat!*" said the parent, contemplating the ruin after the light was brought; "I never saw anything like it, and, confound it, it's *all to made of broadcloth,*" as he viewed a fluttering remnant hanging from the window.

### According to Agreement.

Too many persons display moral carelessness in passing doubtful bills. If they are taken in by a worthless bank note, they get rid of it the first opportunity, letting it slip to some one else. An incident in point is said to have occurred lately at Buffalo. An enterprising merchant of that place runs both a grocery and a fish market, the latter by a deputy who every night makes returns of the day's proceeds to the proprietor.

A day or two since the grocer found in his fish market returns a counterfeit $5. He didn't like to lose it and he did not like to take the chances of trying to pass it. "Sam," said he to a fifteenth amendment citizen hanging about the premises, "here is a five dollar bill that is a little doubtful; if you will pass it, I will give you a dollar out of the change." "Bery well" said Sam, and he took the bill and went off. Later in the day he returned, having accomplished the feat, and handed over four dollars in good money to the grocer. That night in looking over the cash returns of the fish market the grocer was more surprised than delighted to find the identical bill in the pile. "Look here," said he, to the market clerk. "Here's a bad bill; who did you get it of; didn't you know it was counterfeit?" "That bill!" said the clerk, I took it of old Sam, the nigger, I thought it looked suspicious at the time, but he said he got it of you, and of course, I concluded it was all right."

An Anxious Passenger.—A stranger recently took a train west on the New York Central at Albany. When the train arrived at West Albany he hailed the conductor, and in a stuttering voice inquired: "Is th—this Pal—Pala—Palatine?" "No," replied the gentlemanly conductor, "I'll inform you when we arrive there." At Schenectady the stranger made the same inquiry and received a like answer. At Amsterdam and Fonda he repeated his inquiry, much to the discomfort of mind of the conductor, who thought the man ought to remember that he would be informed of the fact when the train *did* arrive at that station which the stranger was so anxious to reach. At last the train stopped and the conductor desiring to accommodate the stuttering passenger, took the pains to find him and informed him that—"this is Palatine, sir,"—to which the stranger, stuttering, replied: "Th—tha—thank you, sir. The—doc—doc—doctor to—to—told me to ta—ta—take a pi—pi—pill when I got he—he—here." And he did so. The passengers (who had rode during the trip and had observed the stranger's anxiety) broke out in a roar of laughter, and the conductor, though somewhat staggered, "slid out on his ear."

The Trapper in Church.—An old, weather-beaten trapper was sauntering along the main street of one of our Western villages on a recent Sunday. Passing in front of a meeting-house, for a moment he went in and took his seat among the congregation. The preacher was discoursing on the text of "The Sheep and the Wolves," and had evidently been drawing a contrast between the subjects. He says:

"We who assemble here from week to week, and do our duty, and perform our part, are the sheep; now, who, then, are the wolves?"

A pause, and our friend, the trapper, rose to his feet.

"Wall, stranger, rather than see the play stopped, I will be the wolves."

The preacher pronounced the benediction at once.

"Woman is a delusion, madam!" exclaimed a crusty old bachelor to a witty young lady. "And man is always hugging some delusion or other," was the quick retort.

The following expressive notice is posted on the closed door of a Brooklyn cobbler's shop: "Thes beznes Is klosd for aa week tu elou the a boss A chanz ter be sik."

An Irish juror having applied to the Judge to be excused from serving, on account of deafness, the Judge said: "Could you hear my charge to the jury, sir?" "Yes, I heard your Honor's charge," said Paddy, "but I couldn't make any sense of it." He was let off.

A countryman, strolling through New London, recently, hand-in-hand with his rural Phillis, impatient to visit the circus, exclaimed, upon seeing a bunch of bananas suspended in front of the fruit stores, "I'll be moved if them ain't the the biggest beans I ever see, Sophrony!"

A city exquisite having become agriculturally ambitious, went in search of a farm, and finding one for sale, began to bargain for it. The seller mentioned, as one of its recommendations, that it had a very cool spring on it. "Ah—aw!" said the fop; "I won't take it then, for I've heard that cold springs ruined the crops last year, and I don't want a place with such a drawback upon it."

In the second Justice's Court, yesterday, an attorney was examining a surety touching his qualifications as bondsman. "You have property, you say?" "Yes." "Did you make it yourself?" "Partly." "Are you married?" "Yes." "Did your wife bring you anything?" "Yes." "What?" "Three children, sir."—*N. O. Pic.*

A negro lad had a severe attack of rheumatism, which finally settled in his foot. He bathed it, he rubbed it, and swathed it, but all to no purpose. Finally tearing away the bandage, he stuck it out, and with a shake of his fist over it, exclaimed: "Ache away, den, old feller, ache away; I shan't do nuffin more for you; dis child can stand it as long as you can."

"Who dare spit tobacco juice upon the floor of this car?" savagely exclaimed a large and powerfully built passenger, as he arose from his seat and stalked down the aisle, frowning defiantly upon the other passengers. "I dare!" said a burly looking fellow, as he deliberately squirted a quantity of the noxious saliva upon the floor of the aisle. "All right, my friend," said the first speaker, slapping the other in a friendly manner upon the shoulder, "give us a chew of tobacco."

A capital story used to be told of the late David Roberts. An art critic, who was his personal friend, published a sharp attack upon certain pictures of his just exhibited. "My dear Roberts," wrote the critic in a private letter, "you may have seen my remarks on your pictures. I hope they will make no difference in our friendship. Yours, etc., ——." "My dear ——" wrote the painter in reply, "the next time I meet you I shall pull your nose. I hope it will make no difference in our friendship. Yours, etc, D. Roberts."

After Susan B. Anthony lectured at Ripon, Wis., she wanted some recreation and amusement, so she took a walk on Sunday around the graveyard there. While she was enjoying the literature of a tombstone, she heard a lot o' little boys saying, "Fast's her," and she thought "Such is fame." Congratulating herself that even the children of the land knew her, she was accosted by an urchin, who said: "Say, ain't you the woman that walks up the wire on the circus tent to-morrow?"

The following verdict was rendered in Calhoun county, Illinois: "Kurner's Verdict: We, the jurys, find the deseased ded man kum to his deth in the hands of sum unbeknown parson, with an unlawful iron weeping—named a ax with a hickory handle; which unlawful weeping was used with deadly intent to kill the aforesaid Ded Man. P. S. We, the aforesed undersigned jurys, hopefully believe that the Ded Man was Beheaded by the said Ax."

A city miss, newly installed as the wife of a farmer, was one day called upon by a neighbor of the same profession, who, in the absence of her husband, asked her for the loan of his plough for a short time. "I am sure you would be accommodated," was the reply, "if Mr. Stone was only at home—I do not know, though, where he keeps his plow;" but she added, evidently zealous to servet "there is the cart in the yard; couldn't you plough with that till Mr. Stone gets back?"

"Were you in the fight?" said an officer to an elderly negro on a steamer after taking a fort.

"Had a little taste of it, sah."

"Stood your ground, did you!"

"No, sah, I run;"

"Run at the first fire, did you?"

"Yes sah: would have run sooner if I had known it was comin'."

"Why, that is not very creditable to your courage."

"Dat isn't my line, sah—cook'n's my perfession."

"But have you no regard for your reputation?"

"Reputation's nothing to me by the side ob life."

"Do you consider your life worth more than other people's?"

"It's worth more to me, sah."

A few Sundays ago, as Mr. Beecher was about commencing his sermon, a stout, fatherly-looking man was endeavoring to make his way through the crowd, to get within a better hearing distance of the distinguished orator. At that moment Mr. Beecher's voice rang out the words of the text: "Who art thou?" "Who art thou?" again cried out the dramatic preacher. The stout party, thinking himself in the wrong, perhaps, by pressing forward, and believing himself to be personally addressed, startled the brethren and nonplussed their reverend chieftain by sedately replying: "I'm a pig merchant from Chicago, sir. I hope you ain't mad. There ain't nary chair, or else I'd a sot down." Plymouth Church didn't recover its serenity for ten minutes.

### A Characteristic Elopement Story from Louisiana.

A short time ago a prominent and very wealthy citizen, whose daughter was on a visit in Bayou Sara, received a letter from that young lady, stating that she was on the eve of contracting a marriage with a well known gentleman residing on the coast, and that she would not return home before that event. The missive, we hear, was acknowledged by a peremptory order to return instanter; but the lady, having consulted other near relatives concerning the proposed important step, declined to obey her father's demand. During a recent trip of the steamer Robert E. Lee, her landing at Bayou Sara was the signal for the appearance of the couple, accompanied by a gentleman friend. A state room was secured in the ladies' cabin for the fairer passenger, but the gentlemen, both of whom were armed remained forward. Just as the Lee was about backing out, who should come on board but the irate father. He at once saw Captain Cannon, and stating that his daughter was a fugitive on board, demanded her return. Captain Cannon replied that he had no control over the passengers of his boat, and could not think of acceding to the demand, or even in the gentleman's then excited state of mind of permitting him to enter the ladies' cabin. During the conversation the Lee backed out, and the father, after some further discussion, concluded to apply to the authorities at Natchez.—When the Lee touched the wharf at that place, he at once jumped ashore, and without much difficulty secured the services of a lawyer. In the meantime the yawl-boat of the Lee was lowered, and the bridal party started for Vandalia, on the opposite side of the river. Court was fortunately in session, and the couple having been formally married returned to the boat. The father, in the meantime, was left behind, but taking an up-river boat, succeeded in reaching Vicksburg ahead of the Lee. Fearing some outbreak, the friends of the bridegroom took the precaution to procure a warrant for the arrest of the father, and on the arrival of the Lee that gentleman was taken into custody. He was permitted afterward to see his daughter in the presence of her husband, and the bridal party then started for Tennesse, leaving the discomfited parent behind.—*N. O. Times.*

### GREELEY IN THE SOUTH.

**Enthusiastic Receptions at Railway Stations—An Old Lady Ku Kluxes the Philosopher.**

Horace Greeley passed down from Louisville through Humboldt Saturday night, en route to New Orleans and Texas. He is accompanied by four or five shrewd fellows, whose identification with railroad and other jobs excites the suspicion that Horace's lecture is an empty sham, and that his purpose in visiting Texas is to hold a share or two of stock in some grand scheme of railway speculation. Such, doubtless, is the purpose of Greeley's friends. He comes along innocently enough; no doubt his primary purpose is to see the South and Southern people in their own homes, at their own firesides, and not as painted by Phillips and Beecher and others, who know no more of us than we do of the people of Maine and Madagascar. It is needless to say that Mr. Greeley is cordially greeted everywhere. Whenever the telegraph tells the people of his coming, they gather in crowds at railway stations, and are all anxious to see and greet and shake the hands of the curiously unique philosopher of the *Tribune.* He wears a greasy broad-brimmed straw hat, and a venerable brown sack coat, brown with years and dust. The hat-rim slants backward and downward, and from beneath it protrudes the fully exposed broad, high forehead of the erratic but honest optimist of the *Tribune.* At Bowling Green he was welcomed by a great throng. Among the multitude was a fat old country dame of Greeley's age—say sixty summers. She asked anxiously for Horace. "Oh! whar is he," she exclaimed. "He and my father and my old man were allers Whigs together, and I must see him." Mr. Greeley was pointed out. The heavy brigade in petticoats made a charge, and Horace went down. He was hugged and kissed, the old hat was smashed, and the greasy coat well sanded, and Horace almost crushed to death. The crowd enjoyed the collision no little and we only fear that the story will go North that Greeley has been Ku Kluxed by a Kentucky dame, and Grant may be induced to declare martial law about it. —*Memphis Appeal.*

From Watertown, Wisconsin, a correspondent writes to the Cincinnati *Volksfreund* that, with the exception of a place here and there, the whole of Southeastern Wisconsin is now almost entirely German, and that, in the other portions of the State, the native American element is regularly and rapidly retreating. He says that the especially German districts are already too much overpeopled for agricultural operations in the American method, and a strong tide of emigration has already set in for Minnesota, Nebraska and Iowa. The younger sons of farmers are furnished by their parents with money to found homes in those States, and the small farms are bought up by the extensive landholders. Meanwhile immigration from Germany continues, and contributes to keep up the price of land.


# 7-30 GOLD LOAN

OF THE

## Northern Pacific Railroad

**Rapid Progress of the Work.**

The building of the Northern Pacific Railroad, (begun July last), is being pushed forward with great energy from both extremities of the line. Several thousand men are employed in Minnesota and on the Pacific coast. The grade is nearly completed *266* miles westward from Lake Superior; trains are running over *130* miles of finished road, and track-laying is rapidly progressing toward the eastern border of Dakota. Including its purchase of the St. Paul & Pacific Road, the Northern Pacific Company now has *413* miles of completed road, and by September next this will be increased to at least *560*.

**A GOOD INVESTMENT.** Jay Cooke & Co., are now selling, and unhesitatingly recommend, as a Profitable and perfectly Safe investment, the First Mortgage Land Grant Gold Bonds of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company. They have *30* years to run, bear Seven and Three-Tenths per cent. gold interest (more than *8* per cent. currency) and are secured by first and only mortgage on the ENTIRE ROAD AND ITS EQUIPMENT, and also, as fast as the Road is completed, on

*23,000* **ACRES OF LAND** to every mile of track, or *500* Acres for each $1,000 Bond. They are exempt from United States Tax; Principal and Interest are payable in Gold; Denominations: Coupons, $100 to $1,000; Registered, $100 to $10,000

**LANDS FOR BONDS.** Northern Pacific 7-30 are at all times receivable at TEN PER CENT. ABOVE PAR, in exchange for the Company's Lands, at their lowest cash price. This renders them practically INTEREST BEARING LAND WARRANTS.

**SINKING FUND.** The proceeds of all sales of Lands are required to be devoted to the repurchase and cancellation of the First Mortgage Bonds of the Company. The Land Grant of the Road exceeds Fifty Million Acres. This immense Sinking Fund will undoubtedly cancel the principal of the Company's bonded debt before it falls due. With their ample security and high rate of interest, there is no investment, accessible to the people, which is more PROFITABLE OR SAFE.

**EXCHANGING U. S. FIVE-TWENTIES.** The success of the New Government 5 per cent. Loan will compel the early surrender of United States 6 per cents. Many holders of Five-Twenties are now exchanging them for Northern Pacific Seven-Thirties, thus realizing a handsome profit, and greatly increasing their yearly income.

**OTHER SECURITIES.** All marketable Stocks and Bonds will be received at their highest current price in exchange for Northern Pacific Seven-Thirties. EXPRESS CHARGES on Money or Bonds received, and on Seven-Thirties sent in return, will be paid by the Financial Agents. Full information, maps, pamphlets, etc., can be obtained on application at any agency, or from the undersigned.

JAY COOKE & CO.,

*Philadelphia, New York, Washington,*

Financial Agents Northern Pacific Railroad Co.

apr2'wtl(2)

PERIODICALS.

**WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE** is the largest and best Original Dollar Monthly in the world. A $100 Prize Story complete in every number. Forty pages of other matter. Yearly $1. Wood's Pocket Magnifier (price $1.50) and the magazine will be mailed to any addresss for $1.50. Magazine two years in advance with magnifier for $2. Prang's Easter Morning Chromo (worth $3) and magazine 3 years for only $3. Splendid premiums for clubs. Specimen copy free. Address S. S. Wood & Co. Newburgh, New York. apr27wtl

# The Charm.

**15,000 A

# Farm and House.

### THE OLD PENNSYLVANIA FARMER.

I don't half live penned up in doors; a stove's not like the sun,
When I can't see how things go on, I fear they're badly done;
I might have farmed till now, I think—one's family is so queer—
As if a man can't oversee who's in his eightieth year.

Father, I mind, was eighty-five before he gave up his,
But he wasn't dim of sight and crippled with the rheumatiz.
I followed in his old, steady way, so he was satisfied,
But Reuben likes new fangled things and ways I can't abide.

I'm glad I built this southern porch; my chair seems easier here;
I haven't seen as fine a spring this five-and-twenty year!
And how the time goes round so quick—a week I would have sworn,
Since they were husking on the flat, and now they're hoeing corn.

When I was young, time had for me a lazy or's pace,
And now it's like a blooded horse, that means to win the race,
And yet I can't fill out my days, I tire myself with naught;
I'd rather use my legs and hands than plague my head with thought.

If father lived, I'd like to know what he would say to these
New notions of the young men, who farm with chemistries;
There's different stock and other grass, there's patent plough and cart—
Five hundred dollars for a bull! it would have broke his heart.

They think I have an easy time, no need to worry now,
Sit in the porch all day and watch them mow and mow and plough;
Sleeping the summer in the shade, in winter in the sun,
I'd rather do the thing myself, and know just how it's done.

Well—I suppose I'm old, and yet, 'tis not so long ago
When Reuben spread the swath to dry, and Jesse learned to mow,
And William raked, and Israel hoed, and Joseph pitched with me;
But such a man as I was then, my boys will never be!

I don't mind William's hankering for lectures and for books;
He never had a farming knack—you'd see it in his looks;
But handsome is as handsome does, and he is well to do,
'Twould ease my mind if I could say the same of Jesse too!

There's one black sheep in every flock, so there must be in mine,
But I was wrong the second time his bond to undersign;
It's less than what his share will be—but there's the interest!
In two years more I might have had two thousand to invest.

There's no use thinking of it now, and yet it makes me sore;
The way I've saved and saved, I ought to count a little more;
I never lost a foot of land, and that's a comfort sure,
And if they do not call me rich, they cannot call me poor.

Well, well, ten thousand times I've thought the things I'm thinking no v;
I've thought them in the harvest field and in the clover mow;
And sometimes I get tired of them, and wish'd I'd something new—
But this is all I've seen and known, so what's a man to do?

'Tis like my time is nearly out, of that I am not afraid,
I've never cheated any man, and all my debts are paid.
They call it rest that we shall have, but work would do no harm;
There can't be rivers there and fields, without some kind of farm! —*Bayard Taylor.*

### The Colorado Potato Bug, and How to Extirpate it.

Prof. V. C. Riley, State entomologist, at a recent meeting of the St. Louis Farmers' Club, stated that he had no doubt the remedy described in the letter could be applied with effect. This potato bug question seemed to be in the mouth of every one. The insect seemed to be more abundant than ever before. There was such a demand for an antidote that several parties in this and other States had been preparing different mixtures. Paris green, he thought, was a part of all of them. These mixtures were put on the market at half a dollar a pound. Preference was given to flour as a material to mix with the green, as the bugs would eat it more readily. He had recommended it two years ago. He had also tried carbolic acid soap, but he found it difficult to get it of such a strength that it would kill the bugs without injuring the vines. He had been asked how much flour should be used with the green, and he replied that from ten to twelve parts was the best. If they had pure green they would mix it with twenty parts of flour. As soon as the beetles or larvæ eat of the green the work is done.

With the view of giving to the public the fullest advantage of the preparation, he had induced Messrs. Michel Bros. & Kern to put up the mixture. They had figured it so as to place it before the public at twenty-five cents a pound. He had also got them to make a tin box, covered with a piece of gauze. Specimens were on the table. He wished to express a caution respecting the insect destroyer. Every one must know that Paris green is a deadly poison. It is sold at different prices, and if they did not take care they would get an inferior article. Sometimes persons purchased the green, mixed it in a preparation, and said it did not succeed, and that was because they had an inferior article.

There was a wide spread opinion that the Paris green would be injurious to persons distributing it, but there was no danger as long as they did not let it mix with the dust, and swallow it some way or other. Care should be taken not to let children play in the fields where it had been or they might inhale it. There was no possibility of its injuring the potatoes by using it on the leaves of the vine. In an esculent so generally peeled and cooked as the potato there could be no danger from using the green.

To stop the ravages of the insect his recommendation was to keep a pretty sharp look out early in the season—earlier than this—and to pinch off the eggs when the vines are young. They would see the yellow eggs of the insect on the leaves, and could pluck them off.

He would isolate the field as much as possible. It it could be planted in the middle of the woods or in a corn field, it would be so much the better. They would have to use the green the very first thing, and sprinkle the vines as soon as they came up. If the vines were kept clean in season, the insects would not be so numerous. If not destroyed early they would multiply at an immense rate.

The President asked, if when the finger is abraded the bug could poison the flesh, supposing they came in contact.

Mr. Riley did not think they could. The insect possessed poisonous qualities, but he never knew any injurious effect to follow the crushing of the bug in the hand. People need not be afraid of going into the field and killing as many as they please. He would not crush them with his hand.

### Wool Clip of California.

Most of the sheep shearing in California for the spring clip, is done in the month of April. The average weight of fleece is generally thought to be lighter than last year. But the increase in price will more than make it up. Wool that sold last year for 18 to 20 cents per pound, now sells readily at 28 to 30 cents. Some farmers sold for 20 cents early in the season, not anticipating such an advance. The clip of one band that last year brought but 18 cents per pound, we sold this year at 27½ cents on our ranch, saving all expense of transit by rail or water to market, and all commissions and charges. This is an increase of fifty per cent. upon last year's prices.

There are several causes that contribute to this result. In the first place the quality of our wool in California is improving every year. We are breeding to thorough-bred bucks, so that the sheep of 1871 show a great advance upon those of ten, fifteen and twenty years ago, both in weight of fleece and in the quality of wools. A mixture of the Spanish and French Merino seems to be the most common and approved, with a preponderance toward the French. Another reason of this great increase in price is the increased demand for California wools. Like the wheat of our State, our wools are beginning to attract the attention of manufacturers in our Eastern States, and in the European markets as well, by their superior qualities. Stewart, the merchant prince of New York, having ordered $150,000 worth of California blankets, and otherwise massing demonstrations toward monopolizing the woolen manufactures of this coast, has alarmed other dealers and manufacturers, and they are looking around them to ascertain the cause of all this.

Since early in March there have been agents here from New York, Boston, &c., ready to seize upon the first clips that made their appearance in the market. They find that there is something in the climate and soil and feed of California that produces a softness and elasticity of fiber in our wools that can nowhere else be found. No such fabrics were ever exhibited in any of the Eastern States, or at the World's Fairs in Europe, as the woolen blankets and other woolen goods produced in California from California wools. And no one claims that it is on account of any superior facilities or management in the manufacture of these goods, that give them this superiority. It is simply in the soft feel and firm, glossy tissues of the original material, which, it is believed, can nowhere else be produced in such perfection as in California. Hence, this rapid and almost unprecedented appreciation in the prices of our wool clip this season.

Some say this sudden demand and rise in the price of wool is caused by the Eastern manufacturers, who wish to push the prices of wool so high that the woolen manufacturers of California cannot compete with Eastern manufacturers in the production of woolen fabrics. But we think the cause is to be found in the reasons which we have above given.

Wool growing in California is becoming one of the ruling industries of the State—already second only to the products of wheat. According to the report of the Agricultural Department of Washington, California is the third State in the Union in the number of its sheep. Ohio is reported as having 6,250,000; New York, 4,350,000, California 3,750,000. It is estimated that the present number of sheep in California is 4,000,000; and with the additions of this year's increase, we shall doubtless have 5,000,000 at the close of 1871. The product of wool for 1870 is calculated, by the best authorities, to have been about 20,000,000 pounds. This year it is thought to be 25,000,000. This, with an increase of 25 per cent. in the price over last year, will give $6,750,000 as the value of the wool crop of California for 1871, against $3,600,000 for 1870—calling the average of that year 18 cents per pound. Having two clips a year (in April and September), we think it a fair average to calculate five pounds to each sheep, for the year—which we have done, to arrive at the above results. The open, mild winter, has been very favorable to the increase and prosperous condition of the lambs.—*Rural New Yorker.*

### Bees and Grapes.

On page 210 of the March number of the *Bee Journal*, Mr. J. L. Peabody wishes to know if bees injure grapes. Some eight or nine years ago I planted a small vineyard of three acres. While at work planting my vines, a friend came along and advised me to stop planting grape vines, as my bees would destroy all the grapes I could raise in the neighborhood, not to mention the three acres. He figured up how many bees were in my apiary of a hundred hives, and supposed each bee would destroy one or more grapes per day, and thus made out that an enormous amount of grapes would be destroyed in a month. I laughed at him and continued my planting, and can safely say that I have not had a bushel of grapes injured by bees, since they began to bear—five or six years ago.

Some years, when honey was scarce, the wasps would attack some few grapes, but the bees would drive them away and then suck out the sweet. I have also had grapes in my garden for twenty years, within three rods of my bees, and before movable comb hives came in fashion. I had a bee-house and trained vines around and over it, to shade it, but I never knew the bees to injure the grapes.

I think the trouble with Mr. Peabody was in the grapes, and not in the bees. It is likely that his grapes had taken the "grape cholera," or some other disease, that caused them to burst open and give the bees admission to the sweets.—*Am. Bee Journal.*

### Ducks and the Potato Bug.

I wish to correct a statement made in the *Western Rural* of May 6th, by F. Wingate, of Battle Creek, Mich., in which he said: "The striped snake is the only animal, bird, or reptile that will eat a potato bug." I don't wish to deny his statement, but will add that the common domestic gray duck will eat them off the potato vines by the pint, of which I can furnish abundant proof in this vicinity, and many are keeping ducks about here for that special purpose.

Alma, Mich. C. L.

Is our Alma friend quite certain that the bugs he refers to are the genuine Colorado potato beetle? May they not be some of the common insects that prey upon the potato? It has been stated frequently that no fowl has yet been found that will eat the Colorado potato beetle; if there is, it is an important fact.—*Western Rural.*

The Cairo *Bulletin* of April 26th speaking of caterpillars says: "An army of these plunderers seem to be on the move through Southern Illinois, devouring in their march, leaves, buds and everything of a succulent nature. Many gardens in the city and suburbs have been invested and attacked by them, and much damage has resulted from it—leaves and tender buds being in some instances, entirely stripped from pear and apple trees. One man took coal oil and washed the body of his trees with it. The result was, the small pestiferous worms folded their tents like the Arabs, and as silently passed away."

It is said that in many places in Utah no land will be put under cultivation this season on account of grasshoppers. The people have not the seed to sow, and they have about as little faith as they have seed. A Bishop, who some years ago was a well-to-do farmer, reports himself and the people of his district utterly destitute. The reports from other settlements are as bad.

Robert Bonner, of New York *Ledger* notoriety, whose peculiar ambition seems to be to possess all the flying trotters in the world, has recently purchased, at Lexington, Ky., at a high price, the colt Mambrino Bertie, that trotted at Cincinnati last fall in 2:41, seventeen seconds faster than ever made by any other two-year-old.

Speaking of the condition of the hop yards of various parts of the country, the Boston *Commercial Bulletin* says: "Our advices from the interior concerning the condition of the yards are anything but encouraging, though we believe it is yet too early to form an opinion. In districts where the grub worm did its work last season, the roots show but little signs of sprouting, while in healthy yards the vine is from twelve to eighteen inches high."

The *Florist and Pomologist* says that a solution recommended by M. Cloez, of the Jardin du Museum, Paris, for destroying plant lice and other insects, is made as follows: Three and one-half ounces quassia chips, and five drams stave-acie seeds, in powder, are placed in seven pints of water, and boiled down to five pints. When cooled the strained liquor is ready for use, and may be applied either with a watering-pot or a syringe.

Pumpkins and squashes are natives of North America, and were unknown to Europe previous to the time of Columbus. The early voyagers found them in common use among the Indians through the whole extent of country from Florida to Canada. Melons and gourds have been introduced from southern Asia. Persia has long been famous for its melons.

The original type of the garden or field beet is the *Beta Maratima*, or sea-beet, a plant indigenous to the seashore of many parts of Great Britain. The cultivated varieties are the *Beta hortensis*, or *cycla*, the Chard Beet, which is cultivated for the leaves alone, and the *Beta vulgaris* which comprises all the red, white and variegated beets grown in garden or field.

A correspondent of the *Western Pomologist*, who writes from Buchanan Co., Iowa, says that he never fails to have a good crop of peaches each year, by a simple process of protection which he employs. He cuts off the young tree sixteen inches from the ground, and allows the limbs to shoot out on each side below, like the rods of an umbrella. By weights or stakes he keeps them down in a horizontal position, so that the stump is like the hub, and the limbs like the spokes of a wagon wheel lying upon the ground.—About the middle of August he cuts back one-third or one-half the new wood with a pair of pruning shears, and late in the fall covers the whole with corn stalks.—In this way the buds are saved.

A writer in the *Canada Farmer* says that one mode of heading off the borer is to rub the trees over with common soap—soft soap will do very well—early in June, just before the beetles lay their eggs. Another mode suggested is to plaster over the trunk of the trees with a thick mixture of cow dung and clay; this is said to prevent the egress of the insect and cause it to die underneath. This will also prevent the beetles from depositing their eggs on the bark.

## EUROPEAN NEWS.

VERSAILLES, May 30.—At the sitting of the Assembly to-day, Changarnier spoke about Metz, defending Bazaine. Thiers replied, calling Bazaine an illustrious warrior.

The Duke of Andipoet-Pasquier proposed the admittance of the Orleanist Princes into France. Picard said that he would be happy to consider the subject.

Clinchamps' corps of 20,000 men has returned in triumph to Versailles with 6,000 prisoners, who were discovered to be of the insurgents who murdered the Dominican priests on Friday.

PARIS, Monday Evening.—All is quiet. The victorious troops already occupy the barracks. There is already a strong feeling that the Paris Government is too weak to last. Awful massacres still continue at the barricades in Rue Rochuart. In one ditch wounded people were found buried alive; they groaned and shrieked dreadfully all night.

An epidemic is feared from the number of dead bodies.

Vidal was shot, so was Frielerd. The body of the latter was claimed by his widow. Forty thousand francs were found in his cellar, the spoils of the republic.

Mathieon, a member of the Commune, was arrested and 150,000f were found on his person.

The Versaillists have replaced the statue of Henry Quartre which had been thrown into the Seine.

O'Koklowki was taken out and shot. Milliere was arrested at the Luxembourg. He resisted violently, and fired six shots from his revolver; he was taken to the steps were a platoon of soldiers shot him.

During the attack by the Versaillists upon the barricades in the place Des Fetes, a number of the Versaillists lost their way and got mixed up with the Communists, by whom they were taken prisoners and fifty of them shot.

LONDON, May 30.—The Daily News says, trains for Paris will run to-morrow. The people of Brussels have smashed a window in Victor Hugo's house. The police now guard the house.

A proclamation from Marshal MacMahon to the people of Paris, announces their deliverance from the reign of terror of the Communists and that order, security and labor are about to be re-established.

BREST, May 30.—The steamer Lafayette from New York has arrived.

The troops still hold the mayoralties and public buildings.

The disarmament of the National Guards is proceeding. They are forbidden to wear uniforms.

Cissey threatens to proceed with rigor against the inhabitants who fire from the windows.

The archives of the International Society have been discovered.

## DOMESTIC NEWS.

WASHINGTON, May 30.—To-day is generally observed as a holiday; the public departments are closed and nearly all secular business is suspended. The committee on decorations were employed all day yesterday and to a late hour last night making evergreen wreaths with which to adorn the graves of the Union dead in the neighboring Cemeteries. Contributions for this purpose were in greater profusion than heretofore or any similar occasion. Ceremonies were under the auspices of the G. A. R. The Kit Carson Post this morning at 8 o'clock proceeded in a body to the Soldiers' Home and adjacent Cemeteries and there decorated the soldiers' graves.

NEW YORK, May 30.—Decoration day was generally observed throughout the day. All the Government buildings and the Stock Exchange was closed, and there was a partial suspension of business. The procession was composed of the Posts of the Grand Army of the Republic and delegations from the United States Army. The procession formed on Union Square and marched down Broadway, on arriving at Trinity Church the column halted and Post Phil Kearney marched into the Church Yard, preceded by Rev. Drs. Vinton, O'Gilby, Witherell and Dennison, with the boy choristers of the Church, to the unmarked grave of General Kearney. Here the choristers sang a Psalm and Rev. Francis Vinton offered a brief address, concluding with prayer. After decorating the grave, the post Post proceeded to the monument of Lieut. Percival Dayton, U. S. N., in the Church, and to the tomb of Captain Lawrence, both of which were decorated. The procession then marched to South ferry, en route to Cypress Hill Cemetery. As the head of the procession came in sight, minute guns were fired from Castle William until the decorators had reached the other side of the river, where they were joined by the Brooklyn posts of the Grand Army of the Republic. Cars were then taken to East New York, from whence it was marched to Cypress Hill Cemetery. In this Cemetery, in the soldiers' plot, sleep over 4,000 of our country's defenders. Impressive ceremonies took place here; also at Greenwood and the other cemeteries on the Island.

NASHVILLE, May 30.—The ceremonies of decorating the graves at the National Cemetery took place to-day. Immense numbers of both white and colored attended. Addresses were delivered by W. B. Stokes and Horace Maynard. The exercises were very impressive. Not a grave of the dead heroes was slighted.

BOSTON, May 30.—The Woman Suffrage Convention was addressed to-day by Mrs. Blackwell, Chas. W. Slack, Grace Greenwood, Margaret Campbell, Amasa Walker, Lucretia Mott and Margaret Lucas, of England, sister of John Bright.

Mrs. Lucas spoke of what the friends of woman suffrage were doing in England during the present session of Parliament. The bill to extend the right of suffrage to woman was brought before the House of Commons and they considered that they had made very great progress since last year in having it brought forward. The women of England, she said, had labored hard since spring to advance the cause, feeling that this was just the crisis of the movement.

They were not so far advanced as their sisters in America, as they did not ask as yet for universal suffrage, but for household suffrage only. Though several other gentlemen contended that married women had equal rights with those who were not married, and that suffrage would be extended to all, however, it was a mere question of time, the women there as well as here, were slandered by their opponents, and several members of Parliament opposed them because they were afraid they would ask for a seat in the House of Commons—that question would be left to a future generation, for the English women were not quite ready for that yet.

The fact was women were thoroughly aroused on the question of suffrage. They were fighting a great fight on the licensing of vice, and she hoped American women would keep their eyes open on this question, for it was the ground work of all their misery. Then came the question of temperance—a great one truly, which they would have to handle when they got the right to vote. The woman's property bill had also made progress in Great Britain.

A series of resolutions were reported, including the following:

*Resolved*, That the right of women to participate in making the laws she is required to obey has nothing to do with special social theories, and that the attempts recently made in New York and elsewhere to associate the woman suffrage cause with doctrines of free love and to hold it responsible for the crimes and follies of individuals is an outrage upon common sense and decency and an insult to the virtue and intelligence of the women of America.

NEW YORK, May 30.—The National Convention of Insurance Officers continued its sessions to-day. The committee on taxes, fees and deposits presented its report through Mr. Breese, of Wisconsin. The report sets forth that the committee believed in uniformity and full reciprocity between the different States, and suggested that a tax of one and one-half per cent. on the gross premium of every insurance company should be charged in every State except in the States where it is organized to be in lieu of all other taxes. In regard to deposits, the committee deprecated the requirement of deposits in the various States as a condition of permitting companies in other States to do business there. In the case of life companies it was recommended that a deposit should be required in the State where they are organized of at least $100,000, to be paid in trust for common protection and the benefit of all its policy holders. In relation to fire and marine companies, no deposits whatever were deemed necessary, except in the case of foreign companies, each of whom, it was recommended, should be required to make a single deposit of at least $200,000 in the State where its principal office is situated, to be held in trust for all its policy holders in this country. The committee presented a schedule of fees to be required by the insurance officers of the State.

The report of the committee on miscellaneous business was presented by Mr. Snells, of California. It recommended various reforms in the laws regulating insurance, especially condemning the registory laws, and favoring absolute free trade in insurance in the several States.

PITTSTON, Pa., May 30.—To the benevolent public in behalf of the grief stricken community, paralyzed by a repetition of the disaster at Avondale! we appeal to you for substantial aid. Of sixty-five members who entered the shaft at this place on Saturday morning, forty-five have been taken out alive, but many of them cannot long survive. Those who have already died will be buried to day. They leave behind them thirteen widows and thirty six fatherless children. In behalf of these we ask your charity. Six months of enforced idleness has made the community poor, and those who had wherewithal to give, have given during the past winter until their benefactions have exhausted their ability.

Many are still on the verge of starvation, and now, just as renewed labor had begun to cheer the heart, we are stricken down by this awful calamity. Will you give us your mite to relieve the widow and fatherless. All contributions may be sent to Theodore Strong, President of the First National Bank, Pittston.

(Signed) O. F. GAINES,
M. HUGHES,
B. BRIAN,
R. D. LASSE,
W. J. BRUCE,
O. HEFFERNAN,
JOHN GALIGHTTY,
ABEL BYRON,
Committee.

CHICAGO, May 30.—The Rev. Dr. Edwards spoke at great length against the Board system and charged that the Presbyterians had adopted the Congregational methods, and was working in Congregational harness. He insisted that Boards governed the Assembly and that the Secretaries virtually created membership of Boards by their power to make nominations. Their tickets were merely ratified here and their influences were manufactured by public opinion.

They had presses in their interests in and out of the church. Pastors had been settled, unsettled and prevented from settling to favor the plans of the Secretaries. The Boards were threatening to become numerous; they were full of mischievous tendencies and effects. If a change was to be had the time had come for the Assembly, not the Secretaries, to nominate the Boards. He advocated the recommendment of the whole subject to be reported on next year.

A heated discussion followed, and the resolution to recommit was laid on the table and the report was adopted.

Many are still on the verge of starvation, and now, just as renewed labor had begun to cheer the heart, we are stricken down by this awful calamity. Will you give us your mite to relieve the widow and fatherless. All contributions may be sent to Theodore Strong, President of the First National Bank, Pittston.

O. F. GAINES,
M. HUGHES,
B. BRIAN,
R. D. LASSE,
W. J. BRUCE,
O. HEFFERNAN,
JOHN GALIGHTTY,
ABEL BYRON,
Committee.

(Signed)

# To Correspondents.

L. H. IDE, Illiopolis, Illinois, writes: "1. Is the 'North Star' a primary planet and supposed to be the center of a system, like our Sun? 2. Is it in exact line with the axis of the Earth? 3. What gives the magnetic needle the same direction as the axis of the Earth?"—We object to the use of the word planet in the first question. The North, or Polar Star, is supposed to be a sun and the center of a system. Astronomers make all the fixed stars, the centers of such systems as our Solar system. And one theory is that these suns, each with its system of worlds, all move around one great central sun. At least it is now conceded that our solar system instead of being fixed in space, or instead of moving from age to age in a straight line in space, moves about some point designated by a star in the constellation Perseus or the Pleiades. The orbit of the solar system is so large that years must elapse before the change detected in the direction of the sun's motion will give basis for calculations to determine this center of gravity, about which it is supposed the sun and fixed stars revolve. 2. The North Star is not in exact line with the axis of the earth. 3. The generally accepted theory is that the needle points to the north, or assumes direction the same as the earth's axis, because the currents of electricity passing through the earth's surface, give to magnetic bodies that are free to move, the tendency to arrange themselves in the direction of the north and south poles of the earth Our correspondent will call to mind the generally declared fact that the magnetic pole of the earth or the point to which the needle turns, is not the north pole of the earth. Arctic explorers have reached and determined the position of the magnetic pole of the earth, many degrees south of the north pole. At this magnetic pole the needle points not northward but downward, or dips ninety degrees. Dr. Hall and other Arctic explorers give interesting facts on this subject, and interesting discoveries are still to be made in this department of science.

W. H. D., Port Hope, writes:—"I do not see any answer to correspondents that meets my case. I enlisted on the 12 day of August 1862 and was discharged with my Regiment (the 23d Wisconsin Infantry) on the 4th of July 1865. I received the $100 bounty under the additional bounty-Act July 28, 1866. Am I entitled to any more bounty?"—You have received all the bounty you are entitled to under existing laws.

JOSEPH SORNE, Atwauk, Minnesota writes:—"I take the liberty of writing to you in regard to the three years soldiers who were discharged on a Surgeon's certificate of disability before they had served two years. Now unless it was some fault of the soldier that he was discharged, I cannot see how Congress can be justified in fineing a soldier one hundred dollars just because he lost his health and was discharged before he had served two years. I enlisted in the 4th Wisconsin regiment on the 5th day of July, 1861, to serve three years or until the end of the war and I do not think there was a more healthy man enlisted in the regiment. I was discharged at Carrolton on the 16th day of February 1863 and, although the Supreme Court has decided that I was entitled to a bounty I cannot get it. I sent my claim to Washington, and their reply is, the claim is suspended awaiting further legislation, while I am really suffering for the money.

If there is any way I can get it please let me know through the Blade."

—At the time this claim was forwarded the bounty bill, taking necessary steps to provide for payment of claims in accordance with the decision of the Supreme Court was before Congress. The bill passed the House but did not pass the Senate and therefore is not a law. It is held that none of these claims can be settled without legislation by Congress.

THREE WILLS, New Salem, Pa., asks:—"Is a soldier entitled to a pension, who has his life insured as a sound man? We know of one man in this neighborhood who has a ball in his body, and draws a pension, and has his life insured in a life insurance company, as a sound man."—The wound may disable him in the performance of manual labor and entitle him to a pension and at the same time not be of such a character as necessarily to shorten his life or render him uninsurable. We see no reason why he is not entitled to pension, if the surgeon says he is, and he certainly shows good sense in having his life insured.

S. B. W. Winterset, Iowa, asks:—1, Which of the United States produces the most corn. 2, Which produces the most corn, Illinois or Iowa—1, Illinois is the great corn producing State. The yield per acre is not as large a in some other States, but the aggregate crop is larger. 2, Illinois produces more corn than Iowa.

A. S. CARPENTER, Flint, Indiana, writes:—"I was in the army three years, and during that time I was in many battles. In one skirmish I lost my saddle and revolver and my officers made me pay for them. Is there any law by which I can recover the money?"—You cannot recover stoppage made for loss of arms or equipments, unless lost in action or in some way through no fault of the soldier. If lost by his own carelessness or neglect he cannot recover.

D. SANDFORD, Fort Union:—We know nothing about the "concern" inquired after, and have never taken any of their medicines, so cant offer any testimony as to the cures effected, &c.

A FRIEND TO SOLDIER, Delta, Ohio, writes:—"I was the wife of a soldier who enlisted in September, 1861. He served about three months, sickened and died. After a reasonable time I married another man who proved to be anything but a respectable, loyal man. I left him, got a divorce and had my name changed to my former husbands name, by whom I have three children. Now, what I want to know is, whether I can go and get them a soldier's claim for a home, as their father could have done, had he lived, and whether I will be entitled to any of it. What way would I have to proceed having no discharge, and where would be the best place to settle?"—You cannot take a homestead as your husband could have done. You can take a homestead by payment of the government price per acre, and by complying with the conditions of the law.

MRS. RICE, Sandoval, Ill., writes:—"In the Blade of May 4th, C. M. R., of Walkerton, St. Joseph county, Indiana, wants to know if there is any rule for making "saleratus biscuit" without guessing at the quantity and trusting luck for the quality. I answer from my own experince, yes, there is. For every two quarts of flour add one teaspoon of soda or saleratus; pass it through a sieve that it may be thoroughly mixed; then add one cup of lard and sour-milk, or buttermilk enough to make a rather soft dough; a little salt, and I will ensure her success every time, and the biscuit will be neither sour nor yellow. Water may be used in place of milk by adding two teaspoonsful of cream tartar."

VETERAN, Blue Grass, Illinois, submits the following:—"I enlisted in the 3d Regiment Iowa Cavalry in September, 1861, to serve three years or during the war. I served until January 1st, 1864. The regiment then re-enlisted, I among the rest. We went to Keokuk, Iowa, and received our furloughs with the understanding that we were to receive discharges also. We received no discharges, after the expiration of our furloughs. We returned to the service and served to the end of the war; were mustered out at Davenport, Iowa, in 1865; received discharges from the date of our *re-enlistment*. No one could tell *from* our discharges that we ever served in the army prior to the date of our re-enlistment, January, 1864. Now, are we not entitled to discharges for our first enlistment? If so, how will we obtain them?"—The Official Records at the Adjutant-General's office show the date of your original enlistment. Your final discharge is all you need. No other can now be issued. The Adjutant General will perhaps send you a certificate showing date of your first enlistment. You should have received a discharge at the time of your re-enlistment, or your final discharge should have stated the date of first enlistment as well as date of second enlistment. We fully appreciate the desire of every soldier to have his army record in hand, and we think the Adjutant-General of your State will give you proper certificate, on application.

H. B. NORTON, Avoca, N. Y., writes:—"A man here bought a railroad ticket. He had no baggage except a gun. Told the ticket agent, or baggage master, told him to keep with him, he having asked for a check for it. On the cars the conductor took it away from him and put it in a baggage car and marked it with white chalk for its destination, but it was not left there and he has not seen it since. How can he obtain it?"—Ascertain, if possible, the name of the conductor and write, giving particulars, to the President of the Railroad Company. The Conductor, we think, will be held responsible for the gun.

HISTORICUS, Bowersville, Ohio, asks:—"What was the Column Vendome, recently destroyed in Paris, and what is its history?"—Vendome is one of the public courts or squares of Paris, in the heart of the city near the Palais Roya', the Louvre, the Tuilleries &c. In the centre of this square, there was erected in 1669, a colossal equestrian statue of Louis XIV in bronze. This was demolished in the revolution of 1792 and on the same place was, by Napoleon Bonaparte, a monument erected, commemorating his success in the German campaign of 1805. This Column was an imitation of the pillar of Trajan at Rome. The following is a description of the column as it stood:

"The pedestal is twenty-one feet in height, and twenty in breadth. This base is ornamented with bas-reliefs representing the various uniforms and arms taken from the conquered troops. Opening into a chamber in the pedestal is a massive bronze door decorated with crowns of oak, surmounted by an eagle, above which is a bas-relief representing two figures of Fame supporting a tablet, bearing an appropriate inscription. The corners are ornamented with four colossal bronze eagles each weighing five hundred pounds.

From this magnificent pedestal rises the great shaft or monument, one hundred and thirty-five feet high by twelve in diameter. The inside is of stone with a winding stairway ascending to a lookout upon the summit. The exterior of this stone work is entirely overlaid with huge bronze plates covered with figures in bas-relief, representing the principal events in the campaign, from the departure from Boulogne to the battle of Austerlitz. The figures are three feet high and 2,000 in number. This bronze scroll, 840 feet long, is wound in a spiral form from the bottom to the top of the lofty column, a spiral thread dividing the lines and bearing the names of the battle scenes represented. The bronze plates thus enveloping this historic column weigh 300,000 pounds, and were cast from cannon captured by Bonaparte from the Russians and Austrians. The cost of this structure was 1,560,000 francs—Ascending to the summit by a stairway of 176 steps, from a platform surrounded by a railing the visitor has a magnificent view of Paris and its environs." The column fell May 16, before the rage of the Communs.

SOUTHERNER, Memphis, Tennessee, asks:—"What became of the Rebel Colony in Brazil."—The colony did not prosper. Many of the emigrants have been returned at the expense of the Government and the others drag out a miserable existence. The Mexican Colony project did not succeed much better.

SOLDIER, Clarinda, Iowa writes:—"Believing you to be the best friend and temporal adviser to the soldier I will ask you a few questions which you will please answer in your *first* issue and oblige.

I was a private in company "D" 47th Ohio infantry, enlisted on the 18th day of July 1861, was discharged August 20, 1864. Received $100 Gov. Bounty at the time of discharge and since that have received $100 "Additional Bounty."

I want to know if there is any more Bounty under any recent law or enactment. I understood there was $100 voted for all 3 years men enlisting between May 31 and July 23d 1861 and this in addition to the bounty already received. Please reply in the 'BLADE' which we consider the best paper published in the U. S. A.—It is useless to ask us to answer a question in the "first" issue, because very often the letter of the correspondent does not reach the Editor in charge of this department, for two or three weeks, other letters standing ahead of it. We adopt the old rule—take them in order, or as they come.—In answer to the correspondent we will say he has received all the bounty due The bill referred to did not become a law.

W. R. D., Murray, Indiana.—We answer no questions that in an indirect way reflect on others or that advertise the wares of others. A mere reference to the machine you refer to, would reach in this column over 80,000 readers and would be a valuable advertisement. The manufacturer would take your note and pay us a dollar a line for the most indirect reference, inserted in this column. We can't recall your questions, but for reasons like the above, they were undoubtedly thrown aside.

C. B. R., Mineral Ridge, Ohio, writes: "We are a population of miners, laborers, etc., and are thinking of starting an association to buy land. We think about starting it in this way: Paying in so much per month, until we get a certain sum, and then buy land in some place in the West, on the Northern Pacific Railroad, for instance, or in some good locality. Now you would oblige us by giving us any information that you can through the paper or by letter."—Read the letters of Dr. Miller now being published in the Blade. They will give the required information.

JACOB C. FRAZELL, Washington County, Pa., having mixed with the Scriptures, some of the figures of Milton's "Paradise Lost," is puzzled about the Devil and other things connected therewith. Many a man is in the same fix. In regard to the doctrinal points presented, we could only express an opinion, and this would not be answering the correspondent's questions. The absurdity of asking such questions must be apparent to the correspondent.

IOWA, Clarinda, Iowa, asks that we publish "Sheridan's Ride." This has already appeared in the Blade. If the correspondent wishes the poem for reference, let him send for "Sheridan's Ride and other poems," by T. Buchanan Read. The book is not an expensive one and can be secured at nearly any bookstore, or can be ordered by the dealer.

W. C. G., writes:—"In what State is the Capitol of the United States, or is it in any State?—There is some difference of opinion in this locality regarding this question. Please answer in your answers to correspondents."—The Capital of the United States is in the District of Columbia. This territory was originally 10 miles square, embracing 60 square miles of Maryland ceded to the United States in 1788, and 40 square miles of Virginia ceded in 1789. The Virginia portion was retroceded to that State in 1846, so that now the District contains about 60 square miles. The District is under the legislative control of Congress.

J. N., writes:—"Will you please give in your answers to correspondents in the Blade your opinion in regard to the marriage of first cousins? Are there any laws in any of the States prohibiting such marriages?"—The marriage of first cousins, as a general rule, should be opposed. In Ohio, and several other States, the marriage of first cousins is prohibited by law. In the majority of States there is, we believe, no law against the marriage.

A SOLDIER, Winnebago county, Illinois, writes:—"I enlisted in the 92d Illinois Volunteers, Aug 13th, 1862, and was discharged June 21st, 1865, at Concord, North Carolina. While in the service I wrenched my arm so that I could not straighten or bend it up; did not do any duty for three months. I could have got my discharge at the time, but thinking that it would get well I preferred staying until the war closed. I got able to do duty, but the arm never would straighten and sometimes now it will pain me if I lift anything heavy, and sometimes it will be so bad for three or four days that I can hardly use it at all. I am a farmer; have but little property. Can I get a pension? If so, to whom should I apply?"—If your disability was incurred in line of duty and you can furnish satisfactory proof of that fact, you are entitled to a pension. Your application and proof must be filed with the Commissioner of Pensions, Washington, D. C. You will probably find it necessary to employ some claim attorney to prosecute the claim.

BUCKEYE sends verses, and asks us to say, whether they have any merit or not.—Nearly every young man or young woman with an active mind and warm nature writes verses. This is not to be considered a bad indication; is not to be sneered at as a weakness. The nature must bubble and gush, and writing verses is good practice for what may come afterwards. Buckeye writes with "The Battle-Field" as a subject, and we have seen many verses, not as good, in print. The lines have melody, and there is a certain picture quality, creeping, in shadow, through them. Four of the lines have been adopted, unconsciously perhaps, from another poem. In short, the verses show that the writer appreciates poetry, but does not yet understand it, and that he cannot write it. In the verses sent, the situation is good, and this is much. With just such a situation, however, Poets have built such scenes as have thrilled us; whereas, this as treated, does not leave even a complete picture. Poetry is not in measure, but in the thought that moves through the measure. We advise "Buckeye" to read the Poets more and get the idea of what poetry is fixed in his mind. Understanding what constitutes poetry, if he writes at all, he will find that he will write much better.

LURA, submits an article and asks our opinion—Reflections by the young are generally of little value compared with the reflections of older and wiser people; therefore, as there are many wise people and profound thinkers who give us reflections, Lura will see that a publisher would not value her article "There is More Beyond," very highly. The sentiment is very good, and it is pleasant to know that Lura's mind takes this direction; but Lura will naderstand that perhaps a thousand clergyman will, next Sabbath, cover the same ground, and that the people would rather hear them than read her reflections. If Lura will write about the experiences of her girl life, if she will stand to the people as one of them rather than an instructor, she will write, we have no doubt, an acceptable article. It is as natural for a young person to write in this strain as it is to write verses; but the result of the writing is only a faint reflection of some man's strong thought, and therefore is not a merchantable commodity. Practice makes perfect, and such exercises, we imagine, will make Lura a good writer. Again, we say, the article is a good one, but not a good one for publication. It smacks too much of the school room essay.

ONE INTERESTED, Rensselaer Co., N. Y., writes: "Will you have the kindness to inform us, in 'answers to correspondents' of a preventive or cure for the disease called gapes in chickens."—The disease referred to is caused by ill ventilated and unclean coops, together with the unwholesome, sour food and putrid or impure water.—Prevention then is in having clean coops and in giving wholesome food and pure water. The gapes is said to be caused by a sort internal worm infesting the windpipe. Lewis, author of the Practical Poultry Book, recommends the following treatment: Take a small quill feather stripping the vane, except half an inch from the extremity of the feathers; this should be dipped in spirits of turpentine, and the diseased turkey or chicken, being held, the feather so prepared is passed down through the small opening of the wind pipe, which is readily seen at the base of the tongue, and giving it one or two turns, will generally bring up and destroy the worms. The turpentine at once kills the worms and its application excites a fit of coughing, during which those that are not drawn out by the feather are expelled by the coughing. After this process, the chickens should be kept for several days in a dry coop and not be allowed to wander in damp swamp places or wet grass.

Crushed corn, soaked in alum water is said to be a good remedy for the gapes. Bement recommends shutting up the turkeys or chickens in a box, with some shavings dipped in spirits of turpentine, when the vapor arising from the extended surface produces, in most cases, a cure.

QUERIST, Clarke County, Ohio, asks:—"How many churches are there in New York City?"—The total number of City Churches is 333—30 Baptist; 7 Congregational; 17 Reformed Dutch; 3 Friends or Quakers; 28 Jewish; 13 Lutheran; 43 Methodist Episcopal; 4 African Methodist Episcopal; 56 Presbyterian; 64 Protestant Episcopal; 41 Roman Catholic; 4 Unitarian; 5 Universalist; 18 Miscellaneous.

JOHN SKIFF, Noble county, Indiana, asks; "1. When and where and for what purpose was tobacco first used and why did people commence chewing and smoking it? 2. Who is 'Josh Billings'; where does he live, and what is his occupation or profession?"—Tobacco was used by the Indians when America was discovered by Columbus. The weed was taken to Europe and soon came into general use. The Indians used tobacco in all forms and it is supposed that it was first used in the way of medicine. Some writers claim that tobacco was used in Asia before the discovery of America, but this is not accepted as a fact. The Indians in America used it from the earliest ages, holding it in high estimation, offering it in sacrifices to the divinity, &c., &c. 2. "Josh Billings" is the *nom de plume* of Mr Henry Shaw, formerly a resident of Norwalk, Ohio, and now a resident of New York. He was born at Lanesboro, Massachusetts, where his father was a prominent man. Mr. Henry Shaw was for a time engaged in the dry goods business. His humorous writings brought him into notice, and of late years he has been popular as a writer and as a lecturer. He is now connected with the New York *Weekly* and has been for some years.

ORGANIST asks: "Where can I procure a hand organ and what are the prices?"—Street organs, playing nine tunes, and weighing from twenty-five to forty-five pounds, can be purchased at prices ranging from $125 to $250. Side show organs range in price from $275 to $3,000; parlor organs, from $135 to $350. Address W. W. Whitney, 111 Summit street, Toledo, Ohio, for price lists and particulars.

SUBSCRIBER, Beech Creek, Clinton Co., Pa., asks: "What was the difficulty existing between the Jews and the Samaritans, that they had no dealings, and who were the Samaritans?"—The Samaritans were the people who sprung, according to the common opinion, after the conquest of the town of Samaria by Shalmaneser, king of Assyria, from the mixture of the remaining natives, with the foreign colonists from Babylon and other points. As they were a mixed race, their religion also assumed a mixed character, the worship of the deities of the pagan colonists being associated with Hebrew rites. Another view is, that the Samaritan people were wholly carried away, and that the Israelitish worship was established by the colonists who succeeded them. After the return of the Jews from the Babylonian Captivity, the Samaritans asked permission to participate in the restoration of the Temple, but were refused and from this event 536 B. C. dates the inveterate hostility between the Jews and the Samaritans. Toward the close of the fifth century B. C. the Persian Governor erected for the Samaritans on Mount Gerizim, a temple of Jehovah and gave them an independent high priesthood. This widened the alienation. Alexander the Great took a Samaritan Army with him to Egypt, and a colony was formed there, which was strongly reinforced when the power of the Samaritans in Palestine was crushed. Remnants of the Egyptian Colony are still extant and form a congregation at Cairo. In Palestine, a few families are found at Shechem, now Nabloos. The Samaritans, recognize of the books of the old Testament, only the Pentateuch, rejecting all the other books of the Hebrew canon, together with the traditions of the Pharisees. The Samaritan language was an Aramaean dialect, mixed with many Hebrew forms and words. They have a translation of the Pentateuch in this and in this are written their rituals and liturgies, songs, &c. The Arabic afterward became their conversational language and all their Samaritan works were translated into it. The Samaritans believed in the coming of a Messiah or Restorer, in the immortality of the soul, in spirits and angels and in the resurrection. They observed, in general, all the prescriptions of the Mosaic law.

Between the Jews of Samaria and those of Judah there was hostility dating from the death of Solomon. The ten tribes who chose Jeroboam as king, founded in Samaria the Kingdom of Israel, while the two tribes of Benjamin and Judah, remained faithful to the House of David, elected Rehoboam, Solomon's son, king, established the Kingdom of Judah with Jerusalem as capital. The "revolted tribes" were dissatisfied with the government as it had been and was. They were treated as rebels and became at once engaged in war with the Jews of Judah. The Kingdom of Israel existed for 250 years and during this time the people were engaged in constant war with those of Judah. In the year 721, B. C., Shalmaneser, King of Assyria, took and destroyed the capital of Samaria and carried the people as captives into Mesopotamia. These ten tribes were known as the "Lost Tribes of Israel" and as is intimated above, were held by the Jews to have no relation to the Samaritans of the later day, who asked to join in the rebuilding of the temple. The Jews hated the Samaritans for difference of their political institutions and because of the difference in religion.

BOLDEN BOY, Benicia, California asks: "How many battles were fought during the late Franco-Prussian war?"—The war lasted from July 19, 1870, to Feb. 16, 1871—210 days. During this time there were fought 17 great battles, and in addition there were 156 minor engagements or fights.


## SPECIAL NOTICE.

### TO AGENTS AND SUBSCRIBERS.

We have received subscription letters from the following persons who failed to give us their full address:

WITHOUT STATE.

J. J. Hubby, Lancaster.
G. W. Warren, Bristol.
J. Babcock, Danville.
Chas. Beeching, Huntington.
W. H. Deardoff, Newport.
A. H. Leslie, Spencer.
J. Sargeant, Woodville.
Silas Jones, Warren.
Peter Alstetter, West Cairo.

WITHOUT POST OFFICE.

W. S. Roberts
M. W. Pierce, Ass't. P. M.
E. W. Hayman.
J. S. Smith, P. M.


"A DISEASE ALL OVER."—So Consumption was once pithily defined by the celebrated Dr. Rush, meaning thereby that this dreaded complaint caused a depraved state of the whole system. Indeed, there are well-established cases, where persons have lived to old age with but a portion of their lungs in healthful operation, death supervening at last from the effects of the condition of these organs on the whole system. And yet this disease, so formidable in its character, so far-reaching in its effects, so generally fatal when once established, is easily controlled and may be thoroughly eradicated in its first stages. In a variable climate like ours, Coughs and Colds are commonly the exciting causes of diseases of the lungs, and these should be removed at once. In many instances persons are born with unsound or tuberculous lungs, and in such cases the most constant care and watchfulness is required to rid the organs of the taint; but a prompt resort to the Expectorant of Dr. D. Jayne, no matter whether the disease is constitutional or whether it has been engendered by severe colds or exposure, will be found salutary and effectual; and if any proof of the curative powers of this medicine is wanted, it can readily be found in the testimony of those who have been saved from Consumption and Pulmonary Complaints by its use, and whose evidence is explicitly given in the Annual Publications of the Proprietors. Act rationally, therefore, on the first symptoms, and by a prompt recourse to a Remedy so well established, escape the wretched sufferings of the Consumptive. Sold by all Druggists.

ALL WOMEN ARE NOT BEAUTIFUL—But all may have a pretty complexion and a soft skin by the use of Hagan's Magnolia Balm. Instead of a face covered with coarse Pimples, Sunburn, Moth-patches, &c., she may possess a pearl-like complexion, the envy of her sex, and the admiration of the other. Its effects are wonderful. Nothing so transforms a rustic girl into a city belle as this Balm. It imparts a youthful bloom to the countenance, and really makes a lady of 25 appear but 18. In connection with the Balm, use Lyon's celebrated Kathairon, the oldest, the best and most popular hair dressing in the world. It causes the hair to grow luxuriantly, and prevents it from falling off and turning gray. ju8:w4t.

BEFORE buying paint send to C. GERBER & Co., Toledo, Ohio, for a copy of the warrant they give with their GALENA WHITE LEAD. Their lead is sold by paint dealers everywhere. may25weowtillSept1

....FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES and Tan, use Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion. The only reliable and harmless remedy for removing Brown Discolorations from the skin.

For Pimply Eruptions, Black Heads, Blotched Disfigurations on the face, use Perry's Comedone and Pimple Remedy.

Prepared only by Dr. B. C. Perry, Dermatologist, 49 Bond Street, New York. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

mar30:deod&w4m:362

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mall:w4t. Boston, Mass.

NERVOUS DEBILITY.

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KING OF THE BLOOD, the most thorough purifier of the blood yet discovered cures all humors, from a common eruption to the worst scrofula. A cure is warranted where the directions are strictly adhered to.

Spring Medicine.—It is an invaluable medicine in the Spring of the year to carry off the accumulations of thick bile from the liver, and viscid secretions from the other glands of the system. One or two bottles will arouse all the functions of the body to healthy action, restore the appetite, clear the brain and carry off those symptoms of languor and heaviness everybody feels, more or less, as warm weather approaches.

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☞ See advertisement of Dr. BUTTS' Dispensary, headed, Book for the Million—MARRIAGE GUIDE—in another column. It should be read by all.

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oct27w1y.

....HAZARD & CASEWELL'S Cod Liver Oil is the best. oct27w1y

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Address the Peabody Medical Institute, No. 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, or Dr. W. H. Parker, who is the Business Agent and Medical Assistant of the author.

N. B.—The author of the above named books, or Dr. Parker, may be consulted on all diseases requiring skill, secrecy and experience. decl8w6mos 65

# The Markets.

## TOLEDO PRODUCE MARKETS.

TUESDAY MORNING, June 6, 1871.

**Flour**—There has been less activity in the market for flour than during the previous week but without material change in the prices. The demand for shipments has been largely confined to choice brands from local mills, and for these the inquiry during the past two weeks has been quite active. We quote XX and fancy brands at $6 75@7.75.

**Wheat**—A slight decrease is noticeable in the receipts of grain as compared with the previous week and the outward movement being large, there is a decrease in the quantity in store. The receipts foot up 93,500 bu and the shipments 105,000 bu; and there is in store 198,500 bu. The market has ruled fairly active with a brisk speculative demand, and the volume of trade is large. Prices have been 3@4c higher, and the advance is maintained at this writing, the market indicating considerable strength. Amber has been the favorite grade both for present and speculative purposes and the price shows a wider range than that of other grades as compared with last week's quotations. Low-grades now rule quiet while all the higher grades are firm. We quote: Amber 146¾c spot, 146¾c seller June, and 147@147¾c buyer June; 145c seller July; No 1 White Michigan 153½c; No 2 white Wabash 168c; No 2 White D & M 165; No 1 Red 148@148½c; No 2 Red 146c; No 3 Red 141@142c.

**Corn**—The general movement in this grain has been quite large and has slightly depressed the market, yet prices are a shade better; the receipts for the week were 220,000 bushels and the shipments nearly 99,000 bushels and there was in store here at the close of business on Saturday 246,200 bushels. The market, as a general thing has ruled rather quiet; at times a little animation would spring up, but it would as quickly subside. Although at no time very active, a fair business has been transacted, mainly at an advance on last Monday's prices. Yesterday the market ruled very quiet for all kinds, the closing quotations showing an improvement on the week of about 1c. We quote High-mixed at 57¾c; Low-mixed at 56½c, Yellow at 58½c; Michigan at 56½c.

**Oats**—Early last week the market for this grain ruled tolerably active, but latterly it has been rather quiet and only a moderate business has been transacted, entirely in spot grain; there has been no speculative inquiry. No. 1 Wabash Oats has advanced 1c, and rules quiet at 56c; other kinds of No 1 are unchanged, at 55c for D. & M. and Lake Shore. No. 2 Oats ¾@¾c lower, and dull at 53c for the several kinds. Michigan Oats quiet, without decided change, at 4@54¼c.

**Rye**—Market dull and quotations nominal.—There has been no demand for several days past.

**Potatoes**—A marked decline has taken place in the price of this vegetable and with quotations 85@100c lower, the market is dull at 70@75c for mixed and 85@90c for Peach Blows.

**Pork**—The market for hog products does not appear to have reached the bottom and prices tend downward; there is very little doing, no demand out-side of the local retail trade. We quote heavy mess at $17; light mess at $16. Hams, smoked, at 12@15c.

**Lard**—Lower, and the market is dull; we quote prime in bbls at 10@10½c and in kegs at 11c.

**Butter**—We have to report a still further decline in this article. The market is dull and heavy at our quotations: fresh Roll, 15@16c; fresh Keg 12½@14c; Common 10c.

**Mill Feed**—The market is entirely void of animation, and with a large falling off in the demand prices are lower—$22@23 on the week. Bran is offered at $20 without finding buyers, and $22 is an outside price for Shorts.

**Dried Fruits**—There is no change to note in the market for dried domestic fruits. We quote, Apples at 6¾@7c; peaches at 22c for peeled.

### New York Produce Market.

NEW YORK, June 5, 1871.

Cotton quiet; middling uplands 18¾c. Flour firm; receipts 13,000 bbls; superfine, western and State, $5 60@5 90, common to good extra, $6 10@6 25; good to choice $6 25@6 80; white western extra, $6 80@7 15; Ohio extras, $6 25@6 90; St. Louis, $6 25@9 00. Rye flour and Corn Meal unchanged. Whiskey firmer at 93c. Wheat firm; receipts 190,000 bu; new spring 150@151c; red and amber 162@164c. Canada Peas, 115c, in bond. Rye, Barley and Malt unchanged. Corn opened firm, but closed dull; receipts 145,000 bu; mixed western, unsound, 68@69c; do sound 70@72c. Oats firm; receipts 91,000 bu; western and Ohio 64@68c, Hay and Hops unchanged. Coffee quiet; Rio 13@16c.—Sugar firm; Cuba 9¾@10c. Molasses dull and nominal. Rice 9@9¾c. Petroleum—crude 15c, refined 25¾c. Total Stock of Grain—Wheat, 189,000 bushels; Corn, 274,000 bushels; Oats, 160,000 bushels; Rye, 149,000 bushels; Barley, 3,480 bushels; Malt, 159,000 bushels; Peas 19,000 bushels. Pork dull and drooping, Mess $15@15 75; prime $13@$14; prime mess, new, $13 50@14; seller June and July at $13. Beef quiet; plain mess, $12@$14; extra do, $14@17c. Hams 20@26c. Tierce Beef—prime mess $20@$25; India mess $32@38. Cut Meats unchanged. Middles dull; short clear, 13c. Lard steady; prime steam 9¾@10c; kettle dried 10¾@10¾c; seller September to December at 10¾@10¾c. Butter steady; western 10@21c; State 18@25c. Cheese dull and a shade lower at 5½@12c.

LATEST—Flour steady; $6 05@6 35 for shipping extras. Wheat firm and unchanged. Oats firm. Corn dull. Lard active and firm; seller July 10¾c, and seller last four months of the year, 10¾c. Eggs steady at 17@17¾c.

### Government Stock Market.

NEW YORK, June 5

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| Sterling Exchange 110¾. | | | |
| Coupons of '81..... | 117¾ | Coup's of '67..... | 114¾ |
| do of '62..... | 113¾ | do of '68..... | 113¾ |
| do of '64..... | 113¾ | 10-40s..... | 109 |
| do of '65..... | 113¾ | Currencies..... | 115¾ |
| do new..... | 114¾ | Gold..... | 112¾ |

### Cincinnati Market

June 5, 1871.

Cotton quiet; middling 18c. Flour firm; family $6 75@7. Wheat scarce and firm; No 1 red winter 150c. Corn in good demand at 54@56c. Rye dull and drooping at 99@103c. Oats steady. Coffee in good demand at 18@18½c. Sugar in good demand; New Orleans 10@12c. Linseed oil quiet at 93c. Lard oil dull at 80c. Eggs dull and drooping at 12c. Butter dull and drooping at 15@20c. Cheese dull and drooping at 10¾@11¾c. Pork in light demand and irregular; $15 25 asked and $15 offered. Lard quiet and weak at 9¾@9¾c; the latter generally asked. Bulk meats—an advance is asked but none established; sales at 6¾c for shoulders, 6¾c for sides, 7¾@7¾c for clear rib and clear, ¼c less seller July offered. Bacon—only a limited jobbing demand; small sales at 6¾@8@8¾c, though sparingly offered. Tobacco in good demand at full prices. Whiskey opened firm but closed dull; sales at 89¾c closing with sellers at 89c.

### Chicago Market.

June 5, 1871.

Flour dull but firm. Wheat steady and ¼c higher; No. 2 spring 127@127¾c cash; this afternoon the market was quiet at 127¾@127¾c. Corn fairly active; No. 2 mixed closed at 52¾c cash and seller June; this afternoon the market was firm at 52¾@52¾c. Oats ¼c higher; No. 2 closed at 39¾c. Rye steady; No. 2 at 83c. Barley dull; No. 2 spring at 67@68c. Highwines firmly held at 90c. Provisions dull but easier; mess Pork closed at $14 cash, $14 25@14 31½ seller July. Lard at 9¾c. Dry salted shoulders at 5¾c, loose. Freights to Buffalo firm.

### Philadelphia Market.

June 5, 1871.

Flour very dull; Ohio and Indiana, $7@7 50—Wheat steady; red western, 165@167c. Rye held at 112c. Corn dull; yellow, 73c; mixed western, 72c. Oats, 68@70. Mess Pork dull, $17. Lard, 10@10¾. Crude petroleum, 13¼c. Refined, 25¼c. Whiskey unchanged.

### Baltimore Market

June 5, 1871.

Flour dull, but unchanged. Wheat dull and drooping; Ohio and Indiana 150@155c. Corn dull; yellow at 73c. Oats 64@68c. Mess Pork steady at $17. Bacon—shoulders 7¼c; sides 9¼c; clear rib, 9¾@9¾c. Hams 16@17c. Lard 11¾c. Whiskey nominal at 93¾@94c.

### Cleveland Market.

June 5, 1871.

Flour steady. Wheat dull and a shade lower; sales 500 bu No. 1 red winter at 145c. Corn dull and held at 59@60c, and 58@59c bid. Oats dull; held at 50c. Crude Petroleum firmer at $5 70@5 80; refined firmer at 24c.

### Milwaukee Market.

MILWAUKEE, June 5.

Flour dull and nominal. Wheat scarce and firm; 120@120¾c cash; 128¾c future for No 2; 130¾c for No 1. Oats firmer, No 2, 48c. Corn firm; No 2, 52c. Rye higher, No 1, 81c. Barley nominal.

### Detroit Market.

June 5, 1871.

Wheat steady, amber, 143c asked, with 142c bid; No 1 white, 145c. Corn, 57. Oats, 54@55c.—Potatoes, 90c.

### Stock Markets.

PHILADELPHIA, June 5—Beef Cattle very dull and declined ½c. Receipts, 1,600; extra Penn. and Western steers, $7@7 50; fair to good, $6 50@7 50; common, $4@5 50. Sheep—rather lower rates. Sales, 10,000 at $5@6 50. Hogs dull and lower; sales, 2,600 at $7@8 50.

CINCINNATI, June 5—Hogs dull and drooping at $3 30@4 20. Cattle quiet $3@6.

CHICAGO, June 5—Hogs opened active, but closed weak at $4 20@4 40. Cattle dull and 15@25c lower, at $3 25@5 75.

NEW YORK, June 5.—With 7,200 Cattle for the week and 4,500 for to-day, the market is hardest yet, but dealers have shoved them off at 10¾c, with a few selected animals at 11c. Most sales were at 10@10¾c, averaging 10¾c. Texas gave 500 cattle selling at about 10c. There were many sales of decent steers at 11c; 180 Missouri, 64 cwt; 80 Illinois, 12 cwt gross, 11¾c; 50 Pa per cwt; 30 Ohio, 74 cwt, 11@12¾c; 140 Texans, 10 cwt, $10 50 per cwt. There were 104 cars at 100th St. to-day, 80 at Communipaw and 87 at Weehawken. Sheep and lambs—14,000 head for the week and 3,500 to-day. This light run admits of little improvement in sheep and fully as on lambs. Western lambs are worth 9@11c; Jerseys, 11@13c, with a scarcity to day; 50 head or so to be sold at 13¾c; 3 cars Ohio sheep, 87 lbs, 6